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The Week

BY a defect in our Constitution that with every election is made plainer—a defect that one hopes the President's message will in some way recognize—the transition from one administration to another is marked by a vacuum. This Session of Congress can contribute little but oratory to the League, taxation, a budget, reconstruction, labor, immigration, Mexico, Japan, coal and a hundred other serious matters. Until March 4th national dangers and perplexities will only accumulate the compound interest of postponement. If nothing can be decided, however, the ground for decision can be prepared. Committees—on which there would of course be a majority of Republicans—can be set to work finding out the much that remains to be known before any of our more important problems are settled. The best thing this Congress can do is to go hunting for facts, and pass its information on to its successor.

THIRTY-THREE conscientious objectors have been released. The government avoids the appearance of having declared an amnesty by "considering each case on its merits." It is impossible not to be glad that even such a grudging and reluctant step has at last been taken. But the government cannot claim an ounce of credit for generosity or clemency while its policy is able to reconcile such acts as keeping Debs in jail and giving Franz von Rintelen his liberty. Von Rintelen was in February, 1918, found guilty of acts that would have been crimes in time of peace and for which, in time of war, he would certainly have been shot in most other countries. The justice of imprisoning Debs for his opinions in war time was at best doubtful; there is absolutely no excuse for keeping him in a cell now; and to hold him and let an arch-plotter and criminal like Von Rintelen go scot-free is an act the stupid injustice of which no decent government should stoop to, and no free people tolerate.

A DETERMINED and well-financed campaign to purify us is on foot. So long as its aims—as typified by the International Reform Bureau—are confined to "the suppression of the liquor traffic, prostitution, gambling, drug addiction . . . obscene prints, indecent shows and all exploited vice" no one who wants more light in a dark world can decently object. But national salvation on the terms dictated by Dr. Harry L. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance would be unbearable. Dr. Bowlby leads the campaign to enforce the "Sunday blue-laws" that a lot of silly people have managed to keep on our statute books since nearly 1620. "You cannot amend the Fourth Commandment by referendum," says he; "No state has the right to amend God's laws downward." His Sunday would be without movies, baseball, newspapers, or even street cars —except for church-goers. He holds that people "can't believe" it is proper to go to Coney Island on Sunday "and be Christians."

THIS "Sunless Sunday" movement cannot be dispersed by laughter. Quantities of excellent, God-fearing, narrow people are behind it, and their roots go far back into our puritanical soil, and their lob-

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bies have often been successful. One can feel little but anger at the High Priests of Righteousness who plan to rob millions of people of their only relief from monotony, their right to be human and gay on the only day of leisure possible for them. Such men have forgotten Christ. What do they propose as an alternative to our usual Sunday amusement? As for the newsboys, says Dr. Bowlby, instead of selling papers "let them sit in the quiet of their homes, learning to be God-fearing citizens." If we pass and enforce his blue laws "it will turn the thoughts of people to moral themes on Sunday." Enforced idleness breeds no moral thoughts. It has the opposite effect. The efforts of Dr. Bowlby, and the Lord's Day Alliance will, if successful, result in many more idle hands. This is good pro-Satan propaganda.

MEN and women convicted under the espionage laws are still in jail and courts continue to hear appeals in such cases. Eminent lawyers and law writers still abuse Mr. Justice Holmes for his opinion in the Abrams case. "Freedom of speech" is still deemed to be the demand of the obnoxious radical. Therefore, the view of the most distinguished English jurist upon American enforcement of law, particularly constitutional law, may fall on deaf ears. Sir Frederick Pollock, in the Law Quarterly Review for October, pictures as follows, for the benefit of his profession in England, the conduct of the Abrams case in the Federal Court of New York: "Spy mania was, it would appear, in the air of New York in 1918, and Judge and jury may be presumed, as the most charitable explanation of their conduct, to have been suffering from an acute form of truculent panic, to use Kinglake's term. The judge cross-examined the defendants quite in the fashion of sixteenth-century trials, charged the jury without any reference to the specific offences created by the statute, and after a general verdict of guilty (with how much deliberation it was found, we are not told) passed sentences of fifteen years imprisonment on one, and twenty years on three defendants . . . . For a similar offence in England the usual sentence would be imprisonment for six months or twelve at the outside . . . . Most English lawyers, I think, will agree that a Court of error might properly have been astute to find any tenable reason in law for quashing the conviction."

SIR FREDERICK finds ample reason to support Mr. Justice Holmes' dissent on common law grounds. But he also ventures a few observations upon the First Amendment to the American Constitution: "I will only observe that criticism of the government's policy in war time, provided that information is not given to the enemy, nor obstruction offered to executive operations, has long been considered lawful here . . . . I think it is hardly open to doubt that the Fathers of the Constitution intended American citizens to be secured in the franchises of the bill of rights as interpreted by the Whig school of English publicists." Sir Frederick Pollock is evidently aware that such views promptly make one suspect as a "Bolshevik" in the United States. He ends, therefore, with these words, which we commend to the American Bar: "As I am differing, apparently, with the majority of learned Americans, I may add that, right or wrong, a man whose son narrowly escaped with his life from the Bolsheviks only a year and one-half ago can hardly be biased by any personal sympathy with the Soviet government or its adherents. I do not understand how any honest reasonable man who will attend to the evidence can believe that government to be a workers' republic or a republic of any known kind; but I am not prepared to regard such belief as in itself a criminal offence, or to abandon the elementary rule of justice that every case must be tried and determined according to what is laid and proved."

GREAT Americans have died, and much of the sharpness of their outline has faded with the countless untold anecdotes and memories which their contemporaries knew and which sank to oblivion with them. Few figures in American history are as worth preserving in all their color and intensity of personality as that of Theodore Roosevelt. If we had all the scraps that friends and acquaintances recollect of him, how complete a picture could we pass on to a generation that will surely rank him with the best of its chieftains. Germany has been publishing her Bismarck Jahrbuch since 1894. We were too careless to record the fast vanishing details of the life and character of Washington; we did better by Lincoln, and are making an effort to do better still by Roosevelt. The Roosevelt Memorial Association has the task in hand, and requests "all who have authentic anecdotes of one sort or another" to send them to its secretary, Hermann Hagedorn, at One Madison Avenue, New York City.

THROUGH a statement in the Humanité, we learn from M. Marcel Cachin, the socialist leader and a member of the Chamber of Deputies Committee on Foreign Relations, how M. Leygues told this committee that, since the Soviet government is in actual operation, it has been decided to permit French traders and manufacturers to do all the

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business they can with Russia. M. Leygues said he was arranging to encourage trade with Russia. If one were willing to see in such words the real change in French policy they imply, the fact of the Vanderlip concession, the collapse of Wrangel, and an imminent trade agreement between Great Britain and Soviet Russia could be advanced in explanation. But such words cost very little, and only acts can convince. The Temps quotes "an authorized source" to remind us that French policy is unchanged, since permission for private citizens to trade with Russia at their own risk was given eleven months ago by the Supreme Council. The gap between French and British policy is wide—a gap measured by the many billion francs France hopes to have repayed to her. What her own attitude will continue to be is hinted at in the quite credible report that, aside from the question of trading herself, she intends to seek an injunction from the League of Nations to prevent any other nation that trades with Russia from receiving in payment the gold to which she thinks she has a prior claim. Are M. Leygues's words meaningless or are they a sign that France is getting ready to steer a new course?

IT is too bad that the State Department presented only the American side of the Mesopotamian mandate controversy in making public Secretary Colby's note to Lord Curzon, and not also the British note of August 9th to which it was a reply. Mr. Colby says the British government has "refrained from exploiting the petroleum resources of the mandated territories in question," and has pledged the resources of Mesopotamia to its people and to the future Arab state, and has no intention of establishing a "monopoly or preferred position in its own interest." As if not quite sure of the value of this promise, Secretary Colby reiterates the American view that alien territory must be administered so as to assure equal treatment for all nations. Is America, he asks, to be excluded from the benefits of this principle of equality of treatment simply because she is not a member of the League of Nations? By its right as one of the Allied and Associated Powers the United States government demands to see the drafts of the mandates for Mesopotamia and Palestine before they are submitted to the Council of the League. No doubt. But it would be just as well to speak more courteously while the relation of the United States to the League remains obscure.

M. VENIZELOS, the correctness of whose estimate of the temper of his country suffered so much from his long absences from it, seems to have guessed wrong again. "The Greek army," he has declared, "remains at its post . . . It has not suffered from the demoralization created in the rear . . . . This I can say emphatically, for it is a question I have carefully studied with the most competent of my assistants—we can hold defensively the front in Greek Asia." And while he spoke, Greek troops, in spite of orders from the new government to advance against the Turkish Nationalists, were withdrawing from them without a fight. With the garrison at Smyrna worse than restless, with "affrays," partisan riots, "minor incidents" and lack of discipline plaguing the Greek forces, the Turks have easily reoccupied a number of towns: Ine-Guel, Simav, and Demirji. The distance of these towns—120 miles—from the coast, where alone Greek colonies in the Aegean have any strength, explains why the Greeks have no stomach for such expeditions. Their push inland against the Turks was to maintain the Treaty of Sèvres. To gain peace, the Greeks risk the loss of a new empire, for since they have shown their unwillingness to fight for the Treaty, the Allies hint that it will be thrown overboard, and with it whatever rewards were destined for its Greek executors.

IF it is good news to hear that eight relief organizations have pooled their forces and their funds and will spend $33,000,000 this winter in feeding some 3,500,000 sick and starving children in Central Europe, it is even better news that Mr. Hoover is to be at their head. For the sake of economy and efficiency, organizations as diverse in creed, wealth and aim as the American Relief Administration, the Y. M. C. A., the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Quakers and the Red Cross have at last joined hands. Their task is to "avert incredible tragedy" from helpless children; their field, Poland, the Balkans, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, and "so much of the Russian territory as can be reached." In the light of this last phrase—from Col. R. C. Olds, chief commissioner to Europe of a Red Cross that can hardly be said to have pressed its mercies upon the children of Soviet Russia—it is cheering to learn that Miss Anna J. Haines, an experienced worker of the American Friends Service Committee, is on her way through Reval to Moscow, and takes with her $100,000 worth of medical supplies to distribute there.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH, acting President of the Irish Republic, Professor John McNeil, Eamonn Duggan, and other Sinn Fein members of Parliament have been arrested and it is reported they will be interned. It seems that Griffith's arrest was

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something a little worse than a surprise to Lloyd George, and that other "higher officials" valued him as a strong moderating influence in Sinn Fein Councils. No reason has been given for his arrest. An unnamed "official"—of lesser calibre—has told newspaper men that it was the logical sequence of the well-known connection, financial and otherwise, between the Dail Eirann and the Republican army, and the equally well-known connection of the Republican army with a "very extensive murder campaign." Is it impossible for Dublin Castle to realize that men who must be aware how double edged a weapon is indiscriminate murder are doing their best to discourage it? It is difficult to see what part such an arrest plays in British policy—whatever that may be. A demonologic view of British ways toward Ireland could find—against a dark continuous background of burnt creameries and murdered men—in such acts as McSwiney's death, the defeat of the inquiry proposal, the assault on Devlin, the government's passive justification of reprisals, and lastly the arrest of Arthur Griffith, a pattern of well-timed provocation. But there is no pattern. There is only Muddle.

THE Allies are all publicly committed to the establishment of Palestine as a Jewish national home. They earlier made an agreement—the Sykes-Picot treaty, parcelling out the Turkish Empire among themselves. It is by the terms of this agreement under a newer name that France is administering the "mandate" for Syria, within boundaries that were arbitrarily drawn before the idea of a Jewish Home had taken form. As it stands, the southern border of Syria leaves Palestine without access to waters without which that parched land will continue to be economically sterile. On control of the watershed between the Jordan and the Litani, and of the course of the Yarmuk, depends the economic and political future of Palestine. The boundary could be redrawn, guarantees of the use of water could be given, with no loss to the value of Syria. Fate hangs on the French, and reports reach us that recent negotiations on the part of Zionists, with a view to securing from the French, not even more territory, but simply concessions as to the use of the Litani and Jordan, have met with refusal. Such is the peril of a plan to which statesmen of all political colors and temperatures were, at its birth, fully agreed; a plan so hopeful that Lord Robert Cecil could speak of it in these words: "Two great constructive results were achieved by the war—the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the establishment of a National Home for the Jewish people in Palestine."

The Open Shop Crusade

IN Chicago, at a business men's convention, one of the speakers assures his colleagues that "in a little while the union labor man will be eating out of his employer's hand." In New York a semi-public employment service reports that while jobs were plentiful two months ago, "now we are lucky if we place one-fifth of those who are seeking work." In Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland, every other industrial centre in the country, organized labor is excitedly whipping together some sort of defence against an expected assault by capital. Every straw in the wind indicates that a large group of dissatisfied employers, taking advantage of a moment when it is profitable to suspend production rather than dump goods on a falling market, are preparing to launch against union labor perhaps the greatest offensive of the last dozen years.

Locally, in this struggle which seems to be impending, the issues may be varied and complex. Nationally, one issue will overshadow all the others. Away with the autocracy of labor! will be the battle-cry. Give us the Open Shop! Already this cry is raised. In a statement that has rallied all those employers who want "a show-down," the chairman of the Republican Publicity Association in Washington brands the closed shop as "exclusive, monopolistic and domineering." It is "rule or ruin." It destroys "the independence of the individual," spells disaster for production, transcends, in short, "anything dreamed of by rapacious monarchs."

If an attack upon the unions is in fact impending, it will be the most natural thing in the world for employers to dub it a crusade for the open shop. That battle-cry will be used again, just as it has so often been used in the past, because it is the most effective anti-union weapon. It can be so phrased as to appeal to something Americans have been taught to esteem, though not always able to attain: freedom of choice for the individual man and woman. Why should any man be obliged to "join a union" for the privilege of going to work where and as he chooses? What is the advantage of getting rid of one autocracy only to become victim of another?

The answer of many labor leaders, of course, is that only by presenting a united front (i. e., through the closed shop) can an existing autocracy be done away with and the reactionary employer prevented from ruling his shop as despot. To banish an autocracy that actually exists, it is worth while to run the risk of substituting an autocracy that is still largely theoretical. Moreover, argue these leaders, the risk is never great: since the trade union, unlike the factory, is capable of control by popular

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referendum of its personnel. From this starting-point the argument branches off in a hundred different ways. Turn from that argument for the moment: how integral a part of labor's fighting program has the demand for a closed shop ever been? If "the menace of the closed shop" is much more than a paper menace, a bogey to be raised at a convenient moment, then the record of industrial conflict in America will show that foremost among the causes of great strikes has been the demand of labor for the closed shop.

As a matter of fact the record shows nothing of the sort. The history of conflict between the union and the modern "trust" dates, perhaps, from Homestead (1892). Was the closed shop the issue of the Homestead strike? No. Carnegie Brothers and Company simply warned the unions that if they did not accept its wage scale then Carnegie Brothers and Company would proceed to deal with its employers as individuals. Preservation of the union was the definite issue upon which the strike began. It lasted five months; ended with the unions defeated and the strong-arm tactics of the employer justified. Three other great strikes marked that troublesome year, and in none of them did the issue of the open shop figure any more substantially. The miners' strike in the Coeur d'Alène district of Idaho, still the most spectacular of all industrial struggles in America, was a strike against periodic wage reductions. The switchmen's strike in Buffalo aimed at a ten-hour day. The coal-miners of Tennessee struck in protest against the competitive use of convict labor. Of four great strikes in 1892, strikes still fresh in the memory of employers and of labor, not one was for the closing of a shop. A threat against the life of one union, periodic wage reductions for another, a workday of more than ten hours, the use of convict labor—these were the causes, none too creditable to capital, which provoked strikes that tied up industry for many months.

Through the history of industrial conflicts in the years which have followed, the story is much the same. The Mine Workers' strike of 1894 was directed not towards a closed shop but against a further cut in wages. The Pullman strike in Chicago, which led to the arrest of Eugene Debs and other leaders, and to the calling out of federal troops by President Cleveland, was a strike for the restoration of wages that had been paid the previous year. Where was the closed shop issue at Lowell or at Paterson, or in that anthracite coal strike which brought President Roosevelt into the controversy? Long hours, attempts to reduce wages, attempts to destroy every vestige of union labor power—these, and not the issue of the closed shop, have been the most fruitful causes of industrial warfare in America. We have, in the last year or two, had threats of strikes on the part of the railway workers. Never has the closed shop been the issue. In one instance it was hours; in another, wages. We have had a strike of coal-miners. The issue, again, was hours and wages. We have had a steel strike, four months of misery for many thousands of men and women; nowhere among the demands of the strikers was there an ultimatum for the closed shop. It was, in fact, for an *open* shop, in the sense that union men might work alongside non-union men in blast-furnaces and rolling-mills, that so many workmen downed their tools and fought the most powerful trust of modern times.

In short, those employers who attempt habitually to focus the attention of the public on the issue of the open shop, and upon that issue to the exclusion of every other, are neglecting in their enthusiasm those very factors which have steadily been the cause of trouble in the past. It is not hard to see why this should be the case. Workdays that run to twelve hours; shifts that sometimes keep a man on duty eighteen hours at a stretch; wages that do not match the government's own figures for an income necessary to maintain a decent standard of living; a policy of discharging able workmen simply because they are members of a union, and of keeping them out of future jobs by virtue of the "black-list"—these are factors productive of industrial warfare, but factors which the reactionary employer cannot easily justify in the public's eyes. Result: to shift the issue, to conceal his real fears and hopes, the reactionary employer dwells upon the closed shop and the peril it will bring.

The issue of the open shop, nine times out of ten, is a smoke-screen behind which the reactionary employer can mass his guns for a totally different sort of attack. That is the first fact to be remembered as we approach the conflict which is threatening today. And the second fact is that responsibility for the struggle, if the struggle comes, rests on the side of capital. Consider the situation. A combination of special circumstances has indeed produced in many of our larger cities a closed shop in the building trades—and the same set of special circumstances, we believe, rather than the fact of the closed shop itself, has turned those building trades into a disgrace to organized labor; but in no other industry has the closed shop gone equally far, or followed the same set of ethics. The railway brotherhoods, with power to fight for a closed shop, have preferred the open shop, trusting to the good sense of non-union workmen to join the brotherhood once they witness what it can accomplish for its members. That is generally the case wherever union labor is established. Is there one

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instance today, in the whole country, of a single important union threatening to strike for the closing of a shop? Labor is nowhere taking the offensive. That fact, perhaps, seems too obvious today to be worth recording. But later on, if the battle is begun, the powerful engines of the press will be brought into service to prove the whole war was willed by union labor.

Union labor is on the defensive. If the attack of the reactionary employers comes, the unions will turn of course to the public for assistance. They will trust that the public has accepted the principles of trade unionism. No doubt the public's response would be heartier had the leaders of union labor shown more interest in that factor which the public is most interested in. This factor is production. And while the old-line chieftains of the American Federation of Labor have regularly declared themselves interested in production, they have never proposed labor's willingness to undertake part responibility for it. They have, in fact, done their best to beat down proposals like the Plumb Plan which aimed at just that responsibility on labor's part. Organized capital would, of course, have fought bitterly against such a change in labor's status; but by broadening the base of their pyramid so as to represent in larger measure the interests of the unorganized public as well as the organized workers, trade union leaders would have entrenched themselves more strongly for the battle which they face today.

Those employers who want to "go to the mat with labor" are in an odd position. After inveighing against labor for more than two years for its failure to increase production, here they are—now proposing to cut down production not because the world has less need of goods but because they want to safeguard prices. Meantime many of these employers are preparing to don armor and uphold the open shop. What they really mean—had they the courage to say it—is that they are preparing for an assault upon trade unionism. It will be a misfortune if they succeed in breaking union strength. Trade unionism is a necessary safeguard against exploitation, the one adequate means of organizing a supply of labor. When the unions have the privilege of coming into any industry on a preferential basis (i. e., neither a closed shop nor a non-union shop), and when these unions are open to any working man or woman who wishes to enlist, a premise is established for the growth of democratic power. But when that premise has been challenged, when the reactionary employers of the country seek a chance to crush the unions, then the fight becomes the public's fight as well as the cause of union labor.

More News from Russia

THE defeat of General Wrangel by Soviet forces raises once more the question of the reliability of news from Russia. Wrangel's defeat was catastrophic. It revealed him as a soldier with no real army and no real popular support. How far was this situation disclosed by the news which reached this country during recent months?

In August the New Republic published an analysis of the news from Russia during the period from April, 1917, to April, 1919. For the purposes of this study the news dispatches of the New York Times were chosen. Not because of a desire to make a case against the Times particularly, but because the Times is representative of a large and powerful section of the American press, a newspaper equipped with every facility for gathering news, and blessed with a reputation for not handling its news sensationally.

What our study led us to conclude was that Russian news and Russian propaganda were often interwoven in the columns of the Times. Particularly was this the case whenever the news dealt with the activities of some counter-revolutionary General. Then events followed some such course as this:

1. Reporters began to find evidence that the counter-revolutionary leader had won genuine support and the enduring loyalty of a great body of Russian people.

2. The counter-revolutionary army took the offensive and advanced into Russia from some part of the periphery.

3. For this advance the news dispatches made enthusiastic claims. Moscow and Petrograd were often on the point of falling.

4. Meantime scarcely a word to indicate that the counter-revolutionary leader was bothered by any mutinies behind his own line, on the part of a supposedly loyal populace; instead——

5. Constant assurance of rebellion in Moscow, of insurrection that would end promptly in Soviet collapse.

6. A sudden unexpected, unexplained halt in the advance of the new leader.

7. Relegation of his campaign to smaller type and likewise to a less prominent position in the news.

8. Assurance, however, that a better turn was coming, and that there was no reason whatever for believing he had met defeat.

9. Sudden and complete collapse of the whole counter-revolutionary regime.

10. Admission in the news that, after all, this had never been a genuinely democratic movement,

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but one in fact engineered by remnants of the old order and therefore bound to fail.

This, we say, was the cycle of events and news in the case of Kolchak first, then Denikin. Let us bring the record down to date. How did the Times report the career of General Baron Wrangel?

It began by painting his adventure as a democratic movement. From Paris, on the 5th of August, Mr. Walter Duranty cabled to the Times: "Wrangel at least is the first of the anti-Bolshevist Russian leaders who has shown genuine liberalism in his administration." The American government was interested, and impressed. It had made an informal investigation. According to the Associated Press, "information thus far received is described as of a favorable character." Wrangel might reunite all Russia. "It is thought possible that the elements clustered about the Russian leader may afford a road to the creation of conditions in Russia permitting her reacceptance among the nations."

Regularly, up to the very eve of the debacle, Wrangel appeared and reappeared in the columns of the Times in the role of democrat. From Sebastopol on August 13th the Associated Press cabled that "Wrangel's policy is actually giving the land to the peasants and promising that the government will stand between them and the old owners and will grant them 'new papers.'" Wrangel was winning the peasants to his cause. The Cossacks, too. A special cable from Washington (dated August 19th) recounted "the extent to which Wrangel had been able to unite elements in South Russia which, under the regime of General Denikin, were continually involved in internal disputes which hampered military operations and contributed largely to the failure of Denikin's effort."

In none of these news dispatches, published within a few months of Wrangel's last defeat, was there a hint of disaffection behind the lines, of discontent among the peasants, of threatened trouble in the army. Nothing but the most optimistic estimates. "If Red rule is to be overthrown by battle," said a special cable to the Times from Paris, dated August 22nd, "Wrangel, by his character and past, is the man to do it." And two days later another cable reported a French officer, just back from Sebastopol, declaring that Wrangel was "not trying to turn the clock back." He was "preaching liberalism and giving freedom." To these assurances the reporter himself added evidence to show "just how General Wrangel is winning the sympathy of even the most independent elements of the Russian people."

And yet, despite all this good news, all this assurance of democratic backing for his movement, within twelve weeks Wrangel was a fugitive aboard a French cruiser in the harbor of Sebastopol—his army scattered, his failure one more monument to the folly of foreign intervention. What happened proved that all the early talk of democratic backing was nothing more than amiable fiction. Later cables told a more realistic story. "Mutinies in General Wrangel's army brought about his sudden defeat," declared a cable to the Times from Sebastopol, November 14th; there was disaffection behind the lines, rebellion on the part of those peasants who had been won by Wrangel's democratic program. In a cable from Paris dated November 15th, Mr. Duranty explained the great defeat — Mr. Duranty who three months before had declared Wrangel to be "the first of the anti-Bolshevist Russian leaders who has shown genuine liberalism in administration." And now he said:

> The causes of Wrangel's disaster are the same as in the case of Denikin, Kolchak and Yudenich—graft, incompetence, jealousy and reaction. The Baltic General, for all his own capacity, has been ruined by success. His occupation of Taurida Province brought down upon the Crimea a horde of adventurers, merchants and supporters of the old regime. Even the dispatches of friendly French correspondents revealed the wretched truth.
>
> Soldiers at the front were barefoot and coatless in the freezing Autumn winds, while civilians in Sebastopol wore greatcoats sent from France for the army. Munitions failed to reach the front, and peasants, before friendly, were alienated by reports that the land given them would be taken back. The widespread rumor that Grand Duke Michael would be chosen Czar struck the knell of doom six weeks ago—the arch effort of the reactionaries was the precursor of defeat. . . .

Here, then, is one parallel between the reporting of Wrangel's regime and the reporting of Kolchak's and Denikin's: not until the entire movement had collapsed was there a hint in the news that anything like mutiny and rebellion was to be expected. It took a cataclysm to show that Wrangel's democratic reputation in the press had not won him democratic support at home.

There is a second parallel, in the reporting of Wrangel's adventures in the field.

During the summer months, when Soviet troops were diverted to the western front, Wrangel had been able to move his forces north from the Black Sea with comparatively little opposition. As is always the case with counter-revolutionary Generals, he took prisoners regularly and in large numbers. His captures, as reported in the columns of the Times during the period from early June to the end of August, amounted to no less than 1,173 guns

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and 58,000 prisoners. On August 20th the French Foreign Office announced that he had begun "an offensive on a wide front," "with good progress everywhere." Four days later Wrangel himself reported that on the front opposite him "great uprisings against the Bolsheviki had occurred." And to a correspondent of the Times, that day, a French officer declared "Wrangel is the most serious danger that has threatened the Soviet regime."

Early in September, to be sure, the Associated Press announced certain reverses for Wrangel's troops. But these reports were followed by renewed success. On September 8th Wrangel was menacing a great Soviet army base. A few days later, a battle for Taurida ended in "the total defeat of the Bolsheviki." (Times, September 13th.) On the 20th Wrangel was again menacing the same Soviet army base (Alexandrovsk) which he had menaced twelve days earlier. Lenin, according to "reports from Russia" reaching Paris October 2nd, was "disturbed" by Wrangel's progress. Prisoners had been accumulating with spectacular regularity: 12,000 on September 22nd; 20,000 on the 23rd; 10,000 more on October 1st. The Soviet armies, declared the Times on October 4th, were "defeated and crumbling away." A week later, headlines announced: "Reds Ask Peace With Wrangel."

There the good news ended. The transition from victor to vanquished was abrupt and unexplained. Two days after headlines had announced a Soviet delegation on its way to sue for peace, a brief dispatch from Constantinople reported in a single sentence that Soviet troops had occupied Mariupol and Berdiansk, on the Sea of Azov. These two ports were fifty miles south of that Soviet base (Alexandrovsk) which Wrangel had on two occasions menaced; their capture foreshadowed an encircling movement that might engulf him. It was apparent, a few days later, when the Associated Press reported Soviet troops in Perekop, that the pincers movement was closing in on the other side.

By every rule of warfare the campaign in South Russia was near an end. The Associated Press reported that Wrangel's centre had been "broken," while "the wings of his army apparently have been crushed." But just as, when disaster threatened Kolchak and Denikin, encouraging explanations were rushed into print to bolster up the myth of a new dictator-savior, so on the present occasion came fresh assurance in the news. The centre had been broken, the wings crushed; but, one day later, headlines in the Times declared: "Wrangel's Retreat Called Strategic." It had all been planned ahead of time, according to a Paris cable. Wrangel's friends explained that his centre and flanks had been smashed "in conformity with a preconcerted strategical plan by which he purposed to realign his forces in the lower Don and Crimean regions."

But optimism could not turn the tide. Soviet troops pursued Wrangel down into that Black Sea peninsula which had been his base. There was one more flash of hope. "Wrangel Lets Reds Rush Into His Trap," declared headlines on November 7th. But a week later there was no trap left. This time the headlines said: "Wrangel Beaten." The campaign in South Russia was ended. A campaign much like Kolchak's and Denikin's it had been—so far as its reporting was concerned: in victory, prophecy that Wrangel might be the man to overthrow the Soviets; in defeat, assurance that a better turn was coming; finally, without warning, sudden and complete disaster.

There remains one other respect in which the news of these last days in Russia may be compared with news of Kolchak and Denikin. How many times, during this most recent period, was the Soviet regime in Moscow immediately on the point of collapsing? Reports of internal crisis in Soviet Russia have always been most frequent when some counter-revolutionary General was in the field.

Wrangel's chances of success, like Kolchak's and Denikin's, were made to seem more plausible by constant repetition of the adversities of his opponents. Particularly was this the case during the last three and a half months while Wrangel was still upon the scene—August to the middle of December.

In the first place, there were prophecies: Mr. Colby's, for instance, that "Bolshevism in Russia is on its last legs"; Mr. David R. Francis's, that "the Soviet Government at Moscow would go to pieces in six months"; and the somewhat more cautious prediction of Mr. Root that the end would come "in a comparatively short time." For publishing material of this sort there is of course no criticism to be made of the Times. What Mr. Colby, Mr. Francis and Mr. Root say about Russia is usually wrong but always "news." But the Times was not content with the ordinary run of prophecies emanating from definite sources. It was in the market for prophecies of the right sort, wherever they might mature. On August 28th, under headlines reading "Hear Fall of Soviet is Now Imminent," it printed a rumor issuing from some unknown source in Petrograd, via Copenhagen. On October 3rd Mr. Duranty, in a special cable, reported the "growing belief" in France that Soviet

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rule would "crumble before the end of winter." On October 10th a reporter of the Times found that "close students of the situation" in Washington now believed the Soviet collapse might "take place any day." And on August 3rd another reporter induced a Tsarist General to turn out an article "specially for the New York Times," giving "a measured opinion from inside knowledge of the strength of Bolshevist-held Russia." The General's conclusion was that the Soviets were going under.

Finally, more frequent even than such prophecies, were the accounts of rebellion actually begun. It would require a good deal of space to describe these accounts in detail. It is perhaps enough to say that on August 24th rebellion was "breaking out in many parts of Russia"; Siberia was rising in revolt on August 29th, and again on September 9th; six Bolshevist Commissars were drowned in the River Neva on September 15th, two more slain October 3rd; factory workers were up in arms against the Soviets on October 3rd and again on October 6th; there were mutinies reported in the army October 3rd, in the navy November 11th, among the peasants October 6th, October 10th, and again October 19th; Moscow was in rebellion on October 14th, October 16th—and by October 30th "in a state of siege." More than twenty times, in a space of three months, the Times published accounts of riot and revolution, assurance of impending downfall.

It is no cause of ours to take issue with the prophets. They may well prove right, those of them who were not too specific in their dates. What we do question is the truth of many of the reports of revolution, of a crisis so acute as to threaten immediate collapse, and of the emphasis that is attached to all of them. Since November, 1917, we have been fed on rumors. Rumors, always, of an immediate disintegration of the Soviets. All we can say is that these rumors fit no better with a Soviet government able, despite economic breakdown, to crush Wrangel, than they do with a government able to defeat Kolchak and Denikin despite their foreign arms. Such rumors are, in short, only the other side of the practice of consistently overvaluating each new counter-revolutionary. By stimulating the belief that the Soviet government was entirely transitory, they have encouraged Americans to believe that there was no need of immediately revaluating our own policy first of intervention and then of know-nothingism. The Soviet government has not been entirely transitory. Three years of stupidity on our part, and the consequent suffering of many Russian men and women, should have taught us that.

At Geneva

THE correspondents at Geneva have to a large extent sent home reports which show the Assembly doing or not doing what their newspapers have hoped or feared the League would or would not do. Mr. Hearst's correspondent sees in the friendliness to Austria a dark plot by the House of Morgan; the socialist New York Call notes action unfavorable to Soviet Russia; Mr. Charles Selden writing as a pro-League liberal emphasizes the unmistakably generous temper of the great majority; Mr. Lawrence Hills in a series of really excellent dispatches to the New York Herald stresses those matters which the Republicans have stressed the most.

Until the documents of the meeting reach this country it is not possible to make an accurate picture of the mentality of the conference. But it is possible even now to select a few tendencies revealed at Geneva and certain to influence world affairs for some time to come. It is clear, for example, that in spite of its forty-one members the League is only half a League. The United States, Russia, and the former enemy states comprise perhaps a quarter of mankind. Their importance is greater than the figures indicate, for these peoples are all of them active influences in world politics, whereas a large fraction of those nominally represented, such as the Indians and Chinese, are passive. About half of the internationally effective peoples are in the League, and about half outside. But of the internationally effective governments all but three or four are in.

That the League must include all governments if it is to succeed, few will deny. The correspondents are in no doubt as to why the central Powers are not in. They are not in because they have not fulfilled the obligations imposed upon them at Paris. They are not in because the Treaties of Versailles and of Sevres are not executed. They are excluded from joining because the immediate beneficiaries of those treaties virtually demand that the League as a whole shall insist on the enforcement of those treaties. That the League as a whole will not do, and the beneficiaries alone cannot do.

There has thus arisen a sharp division between those who want the League and those who want the Treaty, backed by the League. On one side stand most of the small Powers together with Britain and Italy; on the other France and her allies in the Balkans and eastern Europe. This conflict has deadlocked all progress towards the reduction of armaments, for the beneficiaries of the treaties rightly regard Europe under the treaties as an armed camp, and not as a cooperative society of nations.

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This question of the treaties is therefore critical in the life of the League, and until it is solved by a revision which looks toward the reconciliation of France and Germany, the League will not really have been constituted. It will not have been constituted because so long as the terms of that settlement remain the prime objective of French policy, Europe cannot seriously demobilize and the French quest of military alliances in the Balkanized centre of Europe will go on. That brings with it a continuation of intrigue all along the borders of Russia, for these French alliances are aimed both at Germany and at Russia. They will not end until there is a reconciliation with Germany and a peace with Russia. And until they end the bigger part of continental Europe will be outside the League, and all of Europe will remain heavily armed.

This frustrates the recovery of the world, and brings heavy burdens to every people. The small Powers at Geneva, with the exception of a few directly involved, showed as clearly as they dared that they do not approve this continuing disturbance of the peace. But under the terms of the Covenant they are not in a position to prevent it, for the real power of the League is centred in the Council, and not in the Assembly. The Assembly is the lower house blocked by the hereditary aristocracy of the Council. The Assembly therefore very soon showed a desire to bring the Council under its control by making membership in the Council elective and by making deliberations public.

This is by far the most important tendency revealed at Geneva. It illustrates one of the persistent difficulties of international organization. The difficulty is whether in world conferences states shall be equal, or whether population and importance shall be roughly equal. The small states believe in the equality of states; the great states believe in the equality of the forces represented. The framers of the American Constitution solved this question in the House and Senate. But that scheme is not applicable to the world at present for many obvious reasons. The framers of the Covenant attempted to solve it by concentrating authority in the Council and giving the five victorious Powers permanent seats. It was a frank recognition of a privileged position arising out of superior force.

There is enough equity in the arrangement to make it acceptable if the privileged position is not abused. But just because the privileged Powers are tied to a treaty which overshadows the League, some of them are bound to abuse their privilege. In view of what they bring to the League in the way of force, the world could endure their privilege if it were possible to regard them roughly as disinterested friends of the League. That is just what they are not. They are the representatives of a very special interest.

And yet if the small states insist on depriving them of their privileges, it is more than likely that the League will break up. The peoples of the great states will not unreservedly put themselves in the hands of a scratch majority of small nations, especially when they know so well that smallness is no guarantee of fairness. Therefore, the small Powers will, if they are wise, not attempt the revolutionary task of ejecting the big states. They cannot do it without wrecking the League.

A better course for them is to accept for the present the special position of the great Powers; to try to increase the moral prestige of the Assembly, and then to work for a public opinion throughout the world which will remove those treaty entanglements that frustrate the Council. The small Powers can do an enormous work to that end, and by doing it they will do more to make the League inclusive, and semi-democratic, and effective, than they can possibly do by insisting on their doctrine of the equality of states.

What lesson is there here for America? Is it not that if she is to accomplish anything in the League, she must enter the League unembarrassed by the Treaty which makes France the source of greatest conflict, and prevents Britain from showing more than a furtive interest in the reconciliation of peoples and the universality of the League? Is it not clear that she must ultimately enter the League as free as Norway or Switzerland or Argentina? Surely it is not beyond the power of diplomatic negotiation to translate into some sort of reservation, a plain statement of that freedom from entanglement which is demanded both by the facts in Europe and by the will of the American voters.

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Liberalism vs. War

The editor of the New Republic is profoundly distressed to discover that liberalism has undergone an eclipse since 1912 when the bulk of the Progressives turned to Wilson as their Moses. Mr. Croly attributes this eclipse chiefly "to the unreality which liberals have allowed to pervade liberalism." Close at hand is a much clearer and better reason. The temporary knell of American liberalism was sounded the minute its false leader put it into the war. This fact naturally does not appeal to the New Republic, because its editors have boasted that they helped to put the country into the struggle . . . .

The Nation of November 3rd, 1920.

IN the foregoing passage the Nation puts a drastic interpretation upon the relation between liberalism and war. The two are absolutely incompatible. Liberalism necessarily languishes in so far as it approves of war and necessarily thrives in so far as it opposes war. The rule applies to all liberalism and to all war, and it provides, consequently, a standard with which to measure the behavior of liberals during the late war. The existing eclipse of liberalism is due, not to the war itself or to any essential defect of liberal doctrine and practice as clues to human liberation, but to the unnecessary endorsement of the war by liberals. If they had chosen to oppose the war, liberalism instead of suffering from an eclipse, would now shine like a star in the Heavens for the guidance of those who are seeking salvation.

This interpretation of the relation between liberalism and war seems to be finding favor with an increasing number of people and under the circumstances its popularity is not unnatural. Considering the nature of the Treaty of Versailles, the grave probability of future wars and the irremediable calamities which are in consequence overtaking the lives of so many innocent and helpless human beings, pro-war liberals have much to explain. They usually explain it by dwelling on the greater calamities which would have resulted from the refusal to fight and the retort has manifest force. But it is not sufficient. Pro-war liberals were not satisfied with the defeat of German militarism. They insisted on military victory as the necessary agency of certain positive political purposes; and up to date they have not succeeded in accomplishing as the result of victory any of these positive political benefits. Moreover they are for the most part blind or indifferent to the damage which their failure has done to the credit of traditional liberalism. In view of this apparent ignorance of their own failure by so many pro-war liberals, it is no wonder that the dogma of the absolute incompatibility between liberalism and war is coming to the surface. If they wish to restore their credit, they will have to pay more attention to the discrepancies in their record. They will have to either shift liberalism to new and stronger ground or repair the manifest breaches in their defenses.

Liberals deserve the eclipse from which liberalism is suffering. But they do not deserve it merely because they did not oppose the war. When the war came, they were in no position effectively and creditably to oppose it. Liberalism had not lived up to the opportunities and the necessities of its own ideal. By neglecting to contrive a positive moral and political substitute for war, it had condemned itself in the event of a general war to a Hobson's choice. The choice did not consist, as the Nation implies, between a clear good and an unmitigated evil but between two evils, of which the greater was not necessarily the will to fight on the side of the western Powers.

It is the business of liberals to use science for the purpose of humanizing man in society. In so far as the promoters of such an ideal find a sufficient excuse for endorsing war, the compulsion constitutes a grave impeachment of liberalism. Yet the endorsement of any war does not sound the "knell" of any and all liberalism. The sense in which war sounds the "knell" of liberalism depends upon the specific meanings which we attach to the words "war" and "liberalism." When war and the preparation for war become equivalent to systematic and authoritative militarism, war does sound not merely the temporary but the permanent "knell" of anything like liberalism. But wars sometimes occur without creating or implying militarism or at least without implying the kind and amount of militarism which is dangerous to our traditional anaemic liberalism. Wars have even occurred whose purposes and effects are inimical to militarism and helpful in the long run to what is known as liberalism. In this class I should place the war which Great Britain carried on against Napoleonic imperialism, the war which Napoleon III waged against Austria-Hungary on behalf of north Italian independence and the war which Lincoln insisted on fighting in order to prevent the South from perpetuating the institution of slavery on American soil.

If war may sometimes constitute from the point

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of view of existing liberalism the less of two evils, it cannot be as fatal for liberals to approve of a war and as profitable for them to oppose a war as the Nation alleges. It depends on the war. In the instances of the Crimean and the Boer Wars, groups of British liberals increased their own credit and did a little something to vindicate liberalism by opposing unjustifiable appeals to arms. But the two instances do not establish the rule. Although I admire Charles James Fox for his sympathy with the French Revolution and the precocious gallantry of his devotion to liberal ideals, his opposition to the dogged British determination to fight Napoleon I was, I think, an example of poor judgment. Take another case. Admitting that the American government could and should have avoided the Spanish-American War, its support by liberals did not sound the "knell" of contemporary American liberalism. On the contrary the very man who most enthusiastically approved the morality of forcing war on Spain in order to liberate Cuba was the man who during the following fourteen years contributed more than any other political leader to the immediate vitality of American liberalism.

Coming down to our own day the "knell" which has sounded for progressivism in this country is no doubt associated with American participation in the Great War. Yet, so far as I can see, the approval or the disapproval by progressives of American belligerency has little or nothing to do with this particular doom. In America and Great Britain the majority of liberals approved the war and a minority opposed it. But the dissenting minority are just as deservedly and completely suffering from an eclipse as are the orthodox majority. In the case of the socialists in America the majority opposed the war and a minority approved it. But the dissenting majority are suffering from the same kind of political impotence as are the complacent majority. The pacifist socialists are as much divided among themselves and are as incapable of digging out of their minds a positive moral compensation for war as are the pro-war liberals. After a careful survey of the position of liberalism in all countries where a liberal party existed at the outbreak of the war, I am unable to trace any superiority in enlightenment, prestige, serviceability or authority to anti-war as compared to pro-war liberals. The plain fact is that the Great War caught liberalism unprepared just as it caught socialism, capitalism, democracy and the Christian Church unprepared. In the midst of the general ruin the less credit any group of liberals takes for holding to one particular line of action, the more likely they are to understand why liberalism has failed to reap the fruits of victory, why it is now impotent and how it can in the future do more to redeem the promise which it has held out to the peoples of the enhancement of human life in this world.

The Great War was not an episode in the history of mankind for which a nation or an individual could escape responsibility by being too good to fight. It originated in a fundamental delinquency of Christian civilization, the moral penalty of which both liberals and conservatives, bourgeois and socialists must necessarily share. The civilized peoples of the west had allowed the appropriation of their noblest modern achievement, which is the increase of knowledge and the improvement of technology, by irresponsible centres of class and national power. They had permitted, that is, an increasing divorce between science and religion at the very moment when science was better qualified than ever before either to liberate or to oppress mankind. The consequences of this divorce were particularly tragic in the case of liberals and Christians. For liberalism is an attempt to use knowledge in the interest of human fulfillment, and without the ultimate integrity and the complete conviction which only the service of religious truth could bring, liberalism was bound to flinch from dealing with the deeper emergencies of civilization. As for Christians, in so far as Christianity concerned itself with human fulfillment in this world, the dedication of science to the satisfaction of distracting secular interests condemned the Christian Church to impotence.

When the Great War came it revealed with awful emphasis and finality the lack of integrity in the authoritative moral standards of modern civilization. It imposed a distressing choice both on Christians and liberals, but it certainly did not impose on them the moral necessity of non-participation. For a nation or an individual to refuse to play a positive part in the unfulfilled moral conflict of their civilization because of a conscientious objection to war in general was not unlike a refusal to participate in a worldly life because of a conscientious objection to the Fall of Man. I do not mean by the analogy that a small people like the Dutch or the Swiss who were privileged to stay out were under any obligation to go in. Neither am I claiming that the conscientious objector should not have followed the dictates of his conscience. But the peoples which stayed out escaped the common liability only because they happened to be insignificant centres of organized political and industrial power; and the conscientious objector was a sufficiently close analogue of the virgin who could not preserve her purity without committing suicide. The nation or the individual which escaped was lucky, but under the circumstances the price of its

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good furtune was impotence. Although the sufferings of the conscientious objector were honorable to the sufferers, their tears will not water the soil of a new and more humane civilization.

If there is any truth in this, it applies particularly to the case of America and of individual Americans. There was nothing in our history which prepared us or forced us to participate in the war. On the contrary the ancestors of millions of Americans crossed the Atlantic partly to escape this kind of liability. We went in apparently more as a matter of deliberate choice than did any other people. Yet the decision was not as much a matter of choice as it seemed. Although the American people had displayed a more active interest in avoiding war than had the European peoples, they had never travelled far in providing a positive substitute for it. They had never qualified themselves by superior moral energy and enlightened humanity to escape from the fatal liability to accept war at times as the less of two evils and an effective agency for the accomplishment of their national purposes. Their comparatively pacific point of view was born of a happy accident of geographical position, and when the Great War came, this accident waxed insignificant compared with the equally cherished accident of their huge size. The American nation happened to be a centre of political industrial and military power of unique importance. Its interference in the war on one or the other side was certain to be decisive. Its refusal to interfere in the war was certain to be no less decisive. In a real sense it could not stay out. If the American government had refused to fight after one belligerent had threatened the maritime routes upon the inviolability of which American security rested, Americans would have had to shoulder a plain responsibility for the victory of militarism. The refusal would not have made for pacification either in this country or in Europe. On the contrary the morally aggressive fraction of the American people would have been so chagrined by the frustration of its pugnacity that they could and would have used the victory of militarism in Europe in order to cultivate militarism in America.

A growing apprehension of the decisive effect of American economic power upon the issue of the war, no matter whether the nation went in or stayed out, persuaded the editors of the New Republic as early as the spring of 1916 to urge American intervention, but intervention conditioned on the acceptance by the Allies of a program of international conciliation. A year later the intervention actually took place. The President preceded it with a declared program which looked in the direction of ultimate conciliation France, Great Britain and Italy never accepted this program and the American government never pressed them to accept it. This radical diversity of aims persisted until the end of the fighting. When the victory came the divergent political purposes prevented the embodiment of a program of pacification in the Treaty of Peace in spite of the clear and specific obligation to do so under the terms of the armistice. The plan of the pro-war American liberals failed in its immediate object; and those who had contended for intervention in the expectation that American influence would make for permanent pacification must admit to a serious miscalculation. They had urged their countryman to abandon a cherished national tradition and pay a terrific price for the purpose of promoting world peace and after the price was paid they were unable to obtain the delivery of the promised goods.

The miscalculation in my own case consisted chiefly in false anticipation of what the psychology of the American people would be under the strain of fighting in a world war. Realizing their comparatively pacific attitude, their indisposition to intervene in a European quarrel and their freedom from many of the interests, the traditions and the institutions which characterized the European power states, I assumed that they would preserve even during so terrible a war a somewhat disinterested American point of view. I assumed that the American people would take as much interest in the declared political objects of the war as they would in their exertions on behalf of military victory. These suppositions proved to be wrong. Although the President continued to wave his program of pacification as a justification for paying the utmost price for military victory, the American nation as a whole thought only of victory and little of its supposed political objects; and as long as the fighting lasted both the government and public opinion were intoxicated with propaganda and discouraged any attempt to clarify and to popularize the politics of the war by honest discussion. When victory came the American people were both divided and unenlightened as to the best method of turning it to account. President Wilson sailed for France severely handicapped by the opposition and misunderstanding of his fellow-countrymen. The insecurity of his position betrayed him into the fatal error of consenting to a vindictive Treaty which rendered future inter-class and international wars inevitable in payment for the acceptance by Europe of a League to guarantee nominal peace. But by this time he had entirely lost touch with his fellow-countrymen. They had quickly reacted from their artificially hot fit of pro-European belligerency and

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had replaced it with a cold suspicion of European entanglements. They interpreted the League, not as a League of Peace, but as an effort to impose on America a permanent obligation to send American soldiers to fight in European quarrels. As soon as they got a chance they repudiated the League without paying any attention to the solemn warning of President Wilson that they thereby rendered unfruitful the American treasure and blood which they had spent so lavishly in France.

Are we justified in concluding as a result of the election that the effort to move towards the goal of permanent pacification by the route of American intervention has proved to be an utter failure? I do not believe we are. The issue remains open. The pro-war liberals anticipated that by going into war explicitly on behalf of a pacific purpose, the American people would pledge themselves to support a positive substitute for war as a solvent of international quarrels and an agency of international action. That idea is far from dead. It has more vitality than it had previous to American intervention. The American people are recovering from their war neurosis. As the memory of it fades away they are regaining some of their visions. They are waking up to the consequences and the responsibilities of their part in the victory. They have rejected the specific plan whereby President Wilson proposed to redeem the responsibility, but while rejecting the plan they are moving plainly in the direction of recognizing the obligation. For they rejected the League in part at least because, as they were told, it did not redeem the obligation, and during the course of the election discussion the opponents of the League, except a few utter irreconcilables, came more and more explicitly to acknowledge the need of the cooperation by Americans with European nations in providing an effective substitute for war. If the Harding administration fails to move in the direction of permanent pacification, it will frustrate a wish of the American people which will hereafter become increasingly articulate and aggressive.

The positive and the permanent justification of American intervention from the liberal point of view consists in the extent to which it committed America to initiating and participating in the coming experiments in pacific international organization. Non-intervention would have confirmed an unreal isolation, the excuse for which could only consist in an equally unreal and offensive claim to American moral superiority. Intervention was an irrevocable acknowledgement by America of the existence of a joint destiny for America and Europe and a joint responsibility for the delinquencies of civilization and for the welfare of the peoples. It gave reality to ties, debts and common memories which will prevent the American people from resuming the irresponsibility of their former attitude. It associates one of the most strenuous flights of the American national consciousness with an effort, made in alliance with a part of Europe, to keep the peace among nations. The association may fade away, but it will not fade away as long as the American people continue to cherish liberal and humane ideals as an essential part of their national democratic tradition.

In this sense pro-war liberalism has a case, but it is a precarious case of which its advocates have no reason to feel certain or proud. For that reason they are, in so far as they realize the vulnerability of their own position, bound in honor to do what they can to prepare in other ways against a repetition of the disaster of a general war and of a Hobson's choice between two evils. There are other ways in which they can prepare. An international association for the preservation of peace is not the only or even the most promising means of doing away with war as a plausible agency for the accomplishment of purposes in themselves desirable. It is still more important, as our experience in the late war so clearly proved, to build up within nations centres of moral self-possession which may help to make them too good to fight in the one realistic meaning of that phrase. A nation which is too good to fight must be able and willing to accomplish by other and more humane instruments the desirable objects which the world has hitherto accomplished by war. The vitality of any international association for the prevention of war will depend upon the extent to which human people can build up an enduring foundation for peace in the moral and social psychology of the participating nations.

The article on the Eclipse of Progressivism which the Nation dismissed with a sneer was an unpretentious attempt to indicate the route whereby the American national consciousness could attain a valid moral and psychological substitute for war and a foundation of peace. It dealt, indeed, with war between classes rather than war between nations, but it clearly aimed at the conclusion that a nation which can overcome war between classes will have attained a degree of moral self-possession which will enable it to invalidate the moral and political pretexts for wars between nations. The authorization by conscious collective consent of semi-independent but cooperating classes within a nation erects the surest safeguard against the kind of headstrong mob rule in which war so often originates and whose flare-up in this country during the recent war was so largely responsible for the

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disappointing end of its crusade in Europe. The class whose increasing recognition as an estate in the American Republic will help most effectively to create a better moral and social balance in American national life is that of the salaried and wage-earning workers. It was British labor, allied in part with British liberalism and organized both for political and economic action, which recently forbade the British government either to continue or to resume hostilities against Russia. With this object lesson particularly in mind my purpose was to arouse American liberals to the need of purging our own liberalism of its existing association with a dominant class whose psychology is determined by the practice of acquisition and exclusive possession and whose interests are opposed to the fulfillment of a humane liberal ideal. In attributing the present eclipse of progressivism to the "unreality which liberals have fastened on liberalism" I was referring explicitly to their inability to transcend class shibboleths and their consequent bondage in the end to a psychology of disassociation and a law of irreconcilable conflict.

Assuming that the editor of the Nation calls himself a liberal, he has challenged this explanation of the eclipse of American liberalism only to confirm it. His dissent is a perfect product of the unreal attitude towards fundamental issues which so frequently condemns liberalism not only to impotence but to peevish and irrelevant fault-finding. He did not stop to consider the reasons I had urged in favor of the proposed explanation and the relation of those reasons to the future prevention of war, but jumped immediately to a "clearer and better" reason. This clearer and better reason proved to be a dogma about the antagonism between all liberalism and all war which erroneously assumed that both liberalism and war were fixed quantities and which by failing to discriminate between adequate and inadequate liberalism prevented the word from standing in this connection for significant reality. Liberalism must obtain reality from the ability of liberals to place knowledge at the service of human liberation. But liberals who propose to get rid of war by conscious dissent while at the same time ignoring its roots in moral and social psychology are seeking human liberation by cultivating obscurantism rather than enlightenment. They must in the end either compromise with war or impotently protest aganst it. They do not bring to the task of human amelioration in this world the knowledge of human nature and the ability to control its individual and social behavior which enables them to put up a successful contest against the object of their own detestation.

HERBERT CROLY

Industrial China

NOWHERE in the world is the difference between industrious and industrial as great as in China. The industriousness of the Chinese is proverbial. Industrially, they are in the earliest stages of the revolution from domestic to machine production, and from transportation on the necks of men (and women and children) to the freight car. The necks of men:—for while the bulk of goods in central China is doubtless carried by its marvellous system of water-ways, yet whenever winds fail the boats are towed with ropes attached to the shoulders of men—and women and children. On the Grand Canal, you can sometimes count forty persons from ten years up tugging at a rope attached to the mast of some clumsy junk. Even a Ruskin if abruptly placed in strictly mediaeval economic conditions might be forced to admit that there are two sides to the humanity of the steam locomotive. And the indiscriminate admirers of the mediaeval guild might learn something from a study of the workings of its Chinese counterpart.

My last six weeks have been spent in travelling through the Province of Kiangsu. Shanghai is located in this province and it is industrially and commercially the most advanced in China, the one with the most mills, railways and foreign trade. For details and statistics the reader may go to consular reports, trade journals etc. This article has a humbler task. Its aim is merely to record impressions which seem to me to be indicative of the problems China has to face during the years of its oncoming accelerated industrial transformation.

The fifteen towns visited are scattered from the extreme north to the extreme south of the province; strictly speaking, two of them lie in the province of Chekiang to the south. The towns fall into four groups. The first contains the treaty ports, where foreign merchants have come in, where foreign capital is concentrated, and where foreign methods, though usually subjected to Chinese conditions in the form of acceptance of the compradore as a middleman, set the pace. For technical commercial purposes, from a statistical point of view, these

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towns of which Shanghai is the most important, are doubtless the most interesting. From a social point of view they are the least interesting, except as one may want to make a study of the contact of two civilizations meeting with but one common object—the making of money.

Otherwise they are chiefly significant as revealing an increasing ability of the Chinese to adopt the joint stock and managerial system without coming to grief—as most of the early companies did that were exclusively Chinese. The reasons are worth recording, because they affect the entire problem everywhere of the introduction of modern industrialism. The speculative element, the promoter element, was at first most marked. The general psychology was that of gold mine promoting. After an early furore in which most "investors" lost their money, the bitten became wary, and even legitimate enterprises could not secure attention, except in the case of a very small number of persons who had made a success of their joint-stock mills. In the next place, the Chinese family system with the obligation it puts upon the prosperous member of the family to carry all his relatives who wish to be carried made nepotism so common as to be an impossible burden. And in the third place, most of the earlier enterprises scorned the technique of putting aside reserve funds in a prosperous season, and of writing off for depreciations. A short life and a merry one was the usual motto. Now, however, business methods have developed to the point where many Chinese mills are successfully competing with foreign capital and foreign management. In fact many Chinese think that the latter will soon be at a disadvantage because of the diversion of profits to the compradore, and the lack of personal contact with workmen. But upon this point it is not possible to get facts that can be depended upon.

The second class includes towns at the opposite extreme of development, towns that are not only non-treaty ports but that are only beginning to be touched. The northern part of the province, for example, is almost as primitive as it was five hundred years ago. The building of a railway has created some flour mills, and since the war egg-factories have made a new market. Eggs that used to sell for a third of a cent apiece now bring three times that, and the producer gets most of the increase. In all of the towns and villages, the number of hens any one family can keep is limited by communal action, as otherwise hens would poach. The extraordinary cumulative effect of large numbers so characteristic of China is nowhere better demonstrated than in the hundred thousands of eggs that nevertheless are daily brought by hand, or rather by neck, to the factories. Such an impression may seem too slight to recorded. But it is typical of the kind of happening that is still most significant for the larger part of industrial China. Even this fact is increasing the value of land, raising the standard of living so that rural families that had only one bedding now have two, and is changing the attitude toward railways from one of hostility to one of favor.

In these primitive districts one realizes also the immense odds that have to be overcome. There are districts of a million population that a few years ago had no public schools whatever, no public press, no postoffices, and where these facilities are still most scanty. The great positive obstacle is the activity of bandits. Being a robber is a recognized profession like being a merchant. The well-to-do live in constant fear of being looted so that their homes are almost as bare as those of beggars and in fear of being kidnapped for ransom. The professions of soldier and bandit are interchangeable, and upon the whole the peasants prefer the latter. One hears the story of the traveller who met a whole village in flight with their household goods on mules and in wheelbarrows, because the soldiers were coming to protect them from bandits.

It is such facts as these that lead many to assert that any genuine industrial development of China must wait upon the formation of a strong and stabilized government. The significance of the political factor is evidenced in the province of Anwhei which juts into the northern part of Kiangsu. Here is seen the perfect flower of militarism. The military governor recently closed all schools in the province for a year in order to spend the money on his army. He has been getting personal possession of all the mines in the province and recently diverted a river from two cities in order to make a canal to some of his mines. This is only an extreme case of the effect of present political conditions upon the industrial growth of China. Almost everywhere officials use their power, based on control of soldiers, to exact tribute. They levy blackmail on mills and mines; use the control of railways to manipulate the supply of cars until they can force an interest to be given them. Then they reinvest their funds in pawn shops, banks and other agencies of economic domination. Thus a new kind of feudalism is growing up in which militarism is a direct adjunct to capitalism. These men keep their spare millions in foreign banks and have places of refuge in foreign concessions. The control of the Ministries of Communications and of Finance is equivalent to an economic overlordship of China, and the effects ramify everywhere. The station master has to pay several thousands of dol-

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lars to get his job, and he recoups by charging fifty or a hundred dollars when a shipper wants a car. Yet industry and commerce are advancing, and there is probably as much reason for thinking that in the end their growth will reform government as that a stabilized government will permit the normal growth of industry.

The third class of towns consists of cities that also represent old China, but the prosperous and cultivated side of old China, cities that are now lazy, luxurious and refined along with extreme poverty and ignorance; towns that are slowly degenerating, for they want none of the new methods while the new methods are diverting industry and trade from them. To these cities go many retired officials with their stolen funds. As one moves about near the clubhouses and gilded house boats one hears everywhere the click of the gambling dominoes. There is money for dissipation and opium, but little for new industrial developments. Surplus funds are invested in neighboring rice lands; old small owners are crowded out, and a large class of tenant farmers is being created where family ownership has been the rule. Where the northern towns are merely primitive and backward, these once rich cities of the southern part of the province are reactionary and corrupt.

Finally there are industrial towns where foreigners cannot own land, or trade and where the chimneys of cotton and flour mills, and silk filatures are as numerous and smoky as in the factory districts of Shanghai—a development mostly of the last ten years, and indeed largely post-war. As it happens, the two most important of these towns present opposite types. In one of them the entire development has been in the hands of a single family, two brothers. And the leading spirit is one of the small group of men who vainly and heroically strove for the reformation of the Manchu dynasty from within. Finding his plans pigeon-holed and his efforts blocked, he retired to his native town and began almost single-handed a course of industrial and economic development. He has in his record the fact that he established the first strictly Chinese cotton mill in China and also the first normal school. And since both were innovations, since China had never had either of these things, he met with little but opposition and prophecies of disaster to himself and the district. Now the district is known popularly as the model town of China, with its good roads, its motor buses for connecting various villages, its technical schools, its care of blind and deaf, its total absence of beggars. But the method is that of old China at its best, a kind of Confucian paternalism; an exhibition on the small scale of the schemes for the reformation of the country which were rejected on the large scale. The combination of the new in industry and the old in ideas is signalized in the girl and woman labor in the factories, while the magnate finds it "inconvenient" that boys and girls should be educated together after the age of ten years, with the usual result that most of the girls receive no schooling. The other town represents a go-as-you-please competitive development. There is less symmetry but more vitality. Many deplore the absence of cooperation and organization in developing civic life. But it is characteristic of young China that it regards the greater individualism with all its lack of system as more promising than what it terms the benevolent autocracy of the model town.

But all of the industrial towns have one problem in common, and it is the problem of China. Is the industrial development of China to repeat the history of Great Britain, the United States and Japan until the evils of total laissez faire bring about a labor movement and a class struggle? Or will the experience of other countries be utilized and will the development be humanized? China is the land of problems, of problems so deadlocked and interlocked that one is constantly reminded of the Chinese puzzles of his childhood days. But for China and for the whole world this problem of the direction to be taken by its industrial evolution is the one of chief importance. Outwardly all the signs as yet point to movement in the inhuman direction, to blind repetition of the worst stages of the western industrial revolution. There are no factory laws, and if there were, no government capable of administering and enforcing them. You find silk filatures in which children of eight and ten are working fourteen hours a day for a pittance, and twelve hours is the regular shift in all the mills. And these establishments have many of them for the last few years paid dividends of from fifty to two hundred and fifty per cent a year. Superficially China looks at the outset of its industrial career like the paradise of the socially unrestrained exploiter. The case however is not so simple or so certain. It is still conceivable that the future historian will say that the resistance of China to the introduction of the agencies of modern production and distribution, the resistance which was long cited as the classic instance of stupid conservatism, was in truth the manifestation of a mighty social instinct which led China to wait until the world had reached a point where it was possible for society to control the industrial revolution instead of being its slave. But the tail of an article is no place even to list the conditions and forces which make such a history conceivable: only conceivable at the best, not necessarily probable, to say nothing of certain.

JOHN DEWEY.

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The New Lady's Looking Glass

IN Texas these days, and in much of the South very likely, the ladies are divided into two classes: those who are buying electrical machines, toasters, broilers, dishwashers and laundry outfits; and those who are hoping something will turn up, and are meanwhile persuading their husbands to cold suppers, canned goods, restaurants and picnic parties with paper plates. The few who have cooks keep quiet about it and try to hold their thoughts to other things, fearing to tempt Providence. It is one of the home-made problems in labor that peep in through the very curtains at you.

The Swedish girls tell each other that they are going home for a rest and to make their winter clothes. But after two weeks the mistresses ride out to bring them in again and find that the vacations are father-given, passed in the cotton patches.

But little of the help is Swedish. In Wheatville, the colored section of Austin, the old square pianos, bought for ten dollars and cartage, have stopped; and the lone cornet somewhere in that part, is silent. There is a little ten-by-twelve place called Hill's Pleasure Room; it is closed and on the narrow porch the snap-dragons in the tin cans and old saucepans are dried up. These Sunday nights the drums that used to beat with the cornet tooting and gasping, have gone away. Only a few old people sit on the porches and mind the babies; they have to sit with the cats, for even the dogs have left with their masters. Everyone else is in the cotton fields. For cotton, at present prices, must be picked.

For a long time there has been a shortage of help every year when cotton picking came. But never like this year, as every lady says to you. Ladies meet each other and say, "My dear, have you got a cook?" "Oh, don't tell me, my dear, I'd like even a woman to come in an hour, anything." The lowest price paid for the picking this year is $1.50 a hundred. But there are stories, little dreams of the cabins, in Wheatville of its going to $4.00. When a man can pick four or five hundred pounds a day you can figure for yourself what draws him to the fields. And why he takes the children with him and the whole family picks along together. The little family that has been earning from five to ten dollars a week has from seventy to a hundred now. And even old men who can hardly work at all hobble along the rows at several dollars a day. Lately two of them over seventy raced for the biggest picking. One of them made four hundred and dropped dead afterward. Rosalie, our nurse especial and de luxe, likes to tell the story. "Wal," she always adds, "everybody's time comes some day."

That seems only too true to us. For the season lasts from somewhere in August to late in November and after that even, in various counties of the state. And what if the wages go on up, as Wheatville dreams, the planters can afford it. "But how does the price of cotton help us?" the housewives ask, "it only means that we have to pay ten times as much for our sheets and underclothes and then wash them ourselves."

But for the pickers it is not all labor and all cold finance. They leave behind them these people that have been hiring servants to wait on them, now let them see how it feels to work. You'll have to get out of your big automobiles now and stand over the stove and the tub. Besides, there is the getting started. Alex explained that for me, the day he retired from the care of the garden:

"I jes takes de cabin all to pieces. Trows de blankets on de flo, and den de mattress in dat dar blanket, and de fryin pans and de coffee pot, cause I sho got to have my middlin' and my coffee. And I gits me a lot o' truck, sardines, and molasses and tobacco—I can git mo at de sply sto, when I gits to de place. I puts de cordjun in, and de boys puts in de banjo and de guitar, and we ties de dog onto de end o' de waggin. And we got a tent dar at de place. An nights we jigs and sets round de fire, and shoot dem craps and plays dat polka. And some time somebody's got a drap on de quiet. Yas, suh."

Then Alex told me of an angel of Fate that lurks pretty often on some of the plantations. There is an engaging gentleman who does not pick cotton in the hot sun. Nobody knows just where he is in fact during the day. But twilight brings him out. He is about the tents and around among the men when supper is being cooked. Later he joins in the game. His talent is bones and polka chips. He can outplay anyone there. And often he carries away in his pocket the money from all the picking of the day. Alex believes that these sharks are staked by the landowners, given a range to work on shares. In some cases perhaps, not all. Who knows?

The pickers come home now and then as rich men do to their native towns to take a holiday and spend money and have their rise in the world measured by their oldtime neighbors. The girls buy eight dollar stockings and the young men wear silk shirts at twelve dollars apiece. They walk the streets and the handful of their friends left in service learn how foolish it is for them to stay in town.

Meanwhile the taste for service itself gets less and less. It is very hard to take off a chiffon waist and French heels just after one arrives and put on

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working clothes. Besides one has had one's hair straightened, and over the hot stove the kinks come back again. There has been an angel once flitting into our house and out again, who did not make the change, but cooked all day in open-work and silk and ballroom slippers. Cooking was not really her work, she told us. She was only cooking till she could take up her career. And what was her career? we asked. Singing. We remembered a Marchesi primer around the house and gave it to her. But she left us soon.

The social prestige of going out to service is already worse than lost.

One day lately Rosalie the nurse came in to take leave. She is getting fifty dollars a week and comes at nine, more or less, in the morning and leaves at six sharp, with Thursday and Sunday afternoons off.

"But Rosalie, we thought you liked our place," we ventured feebly, a bottle baby in the distance.

"I does."

"Then why do you quit? Going to pick cotton like everybody else?"

"I needs a res'."

"But you can take a rest and come back again, take two weeks."

"No, suh, its this way. My friends is always saying to me, 'Mrs. Boardman we's surprised, it don' look like a lady like you would be goin' out to service. And Mr. Henry Tears, the undertaker, president of our burying society, he says he certainly would rather do something at home if he was me. Hit's jes' got so you can't keep your social position and be goin' out to service."

Rosalie's son at eighteen is making eighteen dollars a week as a plasterer's assistant, mixing the lime, bringing water and mostly standing about waiting, to keep up plasterers' etiquette. She can live on his wages. She has her black robe to be buried in already bought, her false bangs, and her money paid in Mr. Tears' burying society for the coffin, the hearse, and six carriages. There is no use spoiling all this by going out to service. Who can argue that with her? She has her children to think of.

I learn from Rosalie that a new motto is being promulgated. All her friends are saying it, and the colored newspaper has taken it up—Every Lady in Her Own Kitchen.

And I learn that her friends are joining a new society. For a long time the Household Ruth had the membership. They used to have a ceremonial dress of black with a purple cheesecloth veil edged with white in which they served at funerals and so on. But the new society is taking the day. It is called The Ladies of the Folded Hands.

All this is regarded by the housekeepers with families and houses as a shade darker than Bolshevism as they read of Bolshevism in the morning papers. They think it a sort of African Anarchy.

"But what are we going to do about it?" they are asking everyone. "It's all very well for people who live in cold climates where they eat cold bread and bake once a week and have cold pies and canned things. But we have hot breads three times a day and live on fresh vegetables, some of us have cows even. But even if we change all that, we have these big houses. And with the thermometer at 105—!"

"Are we to live in tents in the yard and keep the house for a museum?" a member of the Kwill Klub asked me, speaking brightly over her fan in party style, since we were at a party. "Or are we to have a Soviet with a colored family in the parlor and us in the drawing-room?"

Cotton has done what war could not do: the Revolutionary Upheaval in Society is getting quite real to many ladies in the club, I gather. Is our Way of Living Going to Change? has come into their thoughts, and what is The Future of Civilization?

The husbands say that it will come out all right, things will adjust themselves.

As to that, it is all very well to be philosophic when you are not the one that has to wash the dishes.

Only the electric salesmen consider that they have the problem solved. They are truly philosophic. Let them show you their machines. They are sending out to people's houses washing machines run by electric power, dishwashers, broilers, ranges, toasters and flat-irons; and they do not ask you to buy them, just try them out for a week and see the difference they make.

The other day, a friend of mine tells me, she decided to go out and made a hunt for a washerwoman. She meant to harry the town or find one. She went stopping every Negro woman she met asking if anybody knew of anyone who was taking in washing just now. Nobody knew of a soul, there was a woman but she was in the cotton patch.

Finally she saw a young girl and spoke to her.

"Can you tell me, I wonder," she said winningly, "I am looking for a laundress, can you tell me where I'd be apt to find a laundress?"

"Yas, I can, tell you," the girl replied, "you go home and look in your lookin'-glass and you'll see her."

And what about the future? everyone is asking.

STARK YOUNG

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Russian Impressions

III. Education and Art

THE word "dictatorship" which Russian Communists use to describe their own monopoly of power in the socialist state, implies that it will be temporary. It should last according to the tactical theories of the revolution, until the capitalist system has wholly disappeared in Russia, until the former privileged ruling class has been absorbed in the general body of citizens, and until the civil war and the external war have ceased. Opponents are sceptical, and doubt whether the moment will ever come when the Communists will voluntarily renounce the power which they have seized. Power intoxicates, and history shows few instances of voluntary abdication, save in the hour of evident failure and defeat.

There is one test to which one may submit a dictatorship which professes to be temporary. Does it educate? It is difficult to believe in the permanence of any despotism over a well-educated population. Tsardom survived by reason of the abysmal illiteracy of the old Russia, and within certain limits one may make a case for some form of revolutionary dictatorship, by pointing to the hopeless ignorance of the peasant masses. The Jesuits, who set up their idyllic communist state in Paraguay in the seventeenth century taught music, religion, reading and writing to the gentle Indian population, but they never admitted them to their own order, or shared with them their own scientific and literary culture. A despotism, be it brutal or humane, must rest on some obvious inequality between the rulers and the ruled. In the modern class state the forms of democracy are frustrated not merely by the power of wealth, but also by the gap in culture between the propertied and the working class.

This must be said emphatically for the Russian Communist party, that it is preparing its own eventual disappearance. It is ripening the whole Russian people for responsibility and power, by its great work for education. It has striven, amid inconceivable difficulties, for the prompt enlightenment of the whole nation. It has, moreover, based its entire system of education not on any principle of passivity, receptivity and discipline, but rather on "self-initiative" and activity. The new generation, which will emerge in a few years from these modern Russian schools, will have crossed the spiritual frontier between East and West, and will resemble the passive, indolent, apathetic Russian of the past, as little as he resembles the average Englishman or American. As I watched the elder children debating, questioning and governing themselves, I realized that by its educational policy alone, the dictatorship has set a time limit to its own permanence.

More than a century ago the French Enlightenment and the revolution which followed it gave to the belief in the efficacy of education, its most ambitious statement. It ignored or denied the influence of heredity. It preached the infinite malleability of the human mind. It believed that there was no limit, given suitable conditions, to the "perfectibility" of human nature. "In ten years," thought Turgot, the whole mentality of the French nation might be transformed by universal education, and Condorcet gave to these anticipations their first statement in a legislative code. If the results in most European countries have been relatively disappointing, the socialist would answer that the experiment of universal education has everywhere been conducted in the class state. The privileged ruling and employing class never seriously intended that the children of the manual workers should enjoy the same opportunities as their own. Even advanced liberals in contemporary England speak of their ideal as "the educational ladder," by which they mean a system which will help the more capable and ambitious children of the manual workers to climb above their class. Whatever a few idealists may have planned or preached, there is no real attempt to rear the whole mass of working-class children in the best culture of their age. To my mind the most inspiring thing in Russia is that the socialist revolution, instantly and instinctively, began to realize the ideal of universal education, which the interests and prejudices of class have thwarted in the rest of Europe. Every fair-minded observer has given the Bolsheviks credit for their prompt efforts to send an illiterate people to school. Their ambition is much bolder. They intend, from infancy to adolescence, to make for every Russian child, the conditions, both physical and intellectual, which will enable its mind to evolve its utmost capacities. They intend that none of the comforts, none of the pleasures, none of the stimuli, which awaken the powers of a child born in Europe in a cultured middle-class home shall be lacking to the children of the humblest Russian workers. Their belief is that by a great and self-sacrificing effort, the entire generation which is coming to maturity in Russia can be raised to a high level of culture. They will not at once attain their full ambition. They are hampered by poverty. They suffer from a dearth of teachers who share their outlook. Many a long year will pass before the primitive, isolated Russian village can absorb more than the bare rudiments of civilization. But this they have achieved. They have broken the barriers which class and poverty had raised against education. I saw near Petrograd a big boarding-school formerly reserved for the children of the nobility. Today about three in four of its inmates are the children of manual workers. They were, in their bearing and manners, as refined as the children whose parents belonged to the "intelligentsia," as eager to study, and as keen to enjoy the pleasures of art and knowledge to which an admirable staff of teachers introduced them. They were learning handicrafts as well as sciences and languages, and whether they exercise a trade or a profession when they leave school, they will be cultivated men and women, capable of disciplined thought and aesthetic pleasure.

The guiding idea of the Soviet republic is to give the children a preference in everything, from food and clothing to less tangible goods. The explanation of this deliberate policy is not sentimental. Communism is a Messianic doctrine which lives for the future, and acts with long-sighted vision. Its ambition is to base the greatness of the world's first socialist republic upon a generation of children who will be mentally and physically the superiors of the men and women of today. Russians are as a rule aware, even painfully so, of their inferiority in the world of action to Western peoples. Dostoievsky has a character who spent a long night of talk in proving scientifically the inferiority of the Russian stock, and then proceeded to commit suicide. I encountered that state of mind even

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among peasants. They would speak of Englishmen and Germans as natural supermen. Once, while I was looking at a really excellent exhibition of village handicrafts, a peasant asked me, if I had come in to "spy out the poverty of the land." There is today a reaction against their excessive humility, and I saw in Moscow a new comedy which ridiculed it. The modern Russian Communist, when he perceives this inferiority, does not commit suicide: he goes and builds a school. It is a puzzling racial phenomenon to diagnose. Why, for example, do Russians, habitually so inexact, so careless, so haphazard, shine in music, the most exact of all the arts? Disciples of Montesquieu or Buckle might invent plausible reasons to explain the racial apathy, laziness and passivity. The Communists have their own ready explanation, which has the merit of being inspiring. It is, they say, the fruit of centuries of class oppression, and especially of the brutally stupid land system. The cure for it is, therefore, socialism. I talked one night in the train with a Red Army officer, a simple but active-minded man, who had been a baker in civil life. "What can you expect of us," he said, "we grew up as slaves. The capitalistic system has ruined us, mind and body. This generation is hopeless. You will see the greatness of Russia, only when our children grow up, reared in a socialistic society." That thought penetrates the whole revolution.

If the Communist party were able to realize its ideal program of education, all the children of Russia would be reared away from their homes, in village colonies or boarding schools. The aim in these institutions is to create an atmosphere of happiness, social duty, freedom and activity in which the child shall grow up to the utmost stature of which he is capable. Though much has been done to equalize housing conditions in the towns, by quartering working class families in "bourgeois" houses which were too big for the real needs of their tenants, home conditions are still far from being satisfactory. Many of the parents are ignorant, dirty and superstitious. The ideal plan, so runs the argument, would be to place the children in common homes, where they will have around them every aid to knowledge, and every stimulus to their aesthetic perceptions, learn cleanliness, order and habits of punctual activity, and escape the incubus of superstition. Moreover, since the Communist state aims at maximum productivity, work is obligatory for the women, and in fact, most of the younger married women are now employed, in the towns at least, either in factories or in government offices. The mother, therefore, cannot give her whole attention to the child, and will be overworked, if she attempts it. Feminism, in its Communist form, aims at emancipating her from the greater part of her domestic burdens. The daily public dinner and the creche and kindergarten serve this end. Furthermore, the really consistent advanced Communist looks askance at the family itself. It is, after all, an institution which has passed through many phases of evolution, from matriarchy downwards, why should its present form be sacred? It develops the social instincts of the child in a narrow groove. He learns to concentrate his altruism upon his blood relations, and gains within the four walls of the home no sense of his duties towards the general body of his fellow citizens. His love to this small world in which he grows up, is in fact only a slightly enlarged egoism, which is often in conflict with his wider social obligations. It would be much better, so runs the argument, that he should learn from his tenderest years to love elders and companions who are not blood relatives. The school home in which he lives with teachers and fellow scholars who are not related to him, is a better ethical training ground for the after-life of the factory, the farm and the cooperative commonwealth, than any closed and exclusive family group can be.

I am content to state the position, without discussing it: every reader will supply the obvious objections. Russian Communists, after all, are only doing for working class children, in obedience to theory, what the English upper class, with its public schools, has always done for its own children in obedience to tradition. One need not suppose that the mass of Russian parents, even in the towns, are converted to this view. The average parent, there as elsewhere, has his fierce possessive instincts, and the peasants make great use of child labor. In practice, however, the very difficulties through which Russia is passing today, have favored the Communist scheme. Parents who are hard put to it to warm, clothe and feed their children at home, consent for their sakes to let them go to the state colonies and boarding schools. There are moreover tens of thousands of orphans to be cared for.

In practice, the Soviet republic can realize its ideal program only on a limited scale. It lacks teachers, buildings and material, even if the mass of Russian parents were content to allow their children to be educated in colonies or boarding schools up to the age of sixteen. The official reckoning is, that out of some twenty million children in Soviet Russia, two million are living under the roof of these institutions. As yet they provide only for town children, but in the case of Petrograd and Moscow include an appreciable fraction of the child population. The most picturesque of them are the "colonies," planted as a rule in forests which begin a few miles beyond the suburban area. I saw two of these, in the Sokolniki Park outside Moscow, and in Tsarskoe Selo, the Russian Windsor, now known as Dyetskoe Selo (children's village), outside Petrograd. In the former the children were housed in the wooden pleasure villas built by Moscow merchants as summer residences in this big park, much of which is unspoiled forest. Many of the villas were assigned to ailing or tuberculous children, and these latter, sleeping more or less in the open even in the winter, make wonderfully rapid cures. Others, however, were inhabited by normal children of all ages and both sexes up to the age of sixteen. Boys and girls live together, and coeducation is, indeed, the universal rule in all Russian schools. It was August and holiday time, and the children were obviously as happy as the day is long. The younger children went nearly naked and were quaintly proud of their healthy brown skins. Their manners and discipline seemed to me good, and what pleased me most was that they showed not a trace of shyness. Their teachers and nurses were obviously on the best of terms with them, affectionate and maternal in their bearing, and they evidently thought of a strange visitor, even a foreigner, as part of a world assumed to be friendly. Of the horrible constraint and fear of the old-fashioned English orphanage and "institution," I saw no trace. The villas were clean and tidy though simply, even barely furnished, and the children were learning to be personally clean, a lesson they would never have learned at home. Their gardens and vegetable plots were well kept and they did most of the housework themselves. I took a meal with the children. The food was good and I should say sufficient, though the milk was only condensed.

The unique thing here, and, indeed in all the new Rus-

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sian schools, was the prominence given to aesthetic culture. Every villa had its piano. The children evidently revelled in drawing and painting, and were encouraged to exercise their creative fancy. Some of their portraits, and even more their interpretations of Russian fairy tales, showed unusual talent. They vied with each other, moreover, in writing verses. Each little colony had its "Soviet," in which the children, with the aid of a teacher, learned to discuss their own affairs. I saw one of these in "session," the girls very solemn and business-like and obviously leading the community, the boys much slower and much more reserved. Minutes were kept punctiliously, and the game was evidently educative. Even in remote Vladimir, there were some of these colonies, especially a permanent one for tuberculous children, and a big camp in charge of an enthusiastic young doctor, in which several hundred children of all ages spent the summer under canvas, dividing their time between sports and helpful farm work to assist the peasants.

The long Russian summer holiday was over before I left, and I saw three big schools at work, in and near Petrograd. All were suffering from the lack of materials, especially paper, steel pens, pencils and school books. But the skill and enthusiasm of the teachers went far to supply the lack. In one of the three, the headmaster, whose chief interest was natural science, had got together a most creditable physical laboratory, and nearly all the apparatus had been recently made by the elder pupils themselves. Veteran carpenters' benches and lathes had somehow been commandeered, and even the girls were learning to use them. Boot making was also taught. The libraries, chiefly of Russian classics, were in great request, and in the evenings the older pupils conducted a sort of literary "salon." One of these three schools had a rather ambitious theatre, and occasionally the children performed plays of their own composition, usually dealing with some historical subject. Another had a thriving band, which played for me, really very well, with a lad of fourteen as conductor. I heard some German lessons given, and the teachers had managed, almost without books, to make wonderful progress, with the aid chiefly of blackboard and of drawings prepared by the children themselves. Hardly a word of Russian was used in the foreign language lessons, and in one of these schools some of the elder children, obviously rather proud of their proficiency, started conversing with me in German as I walked about the corridors. Latin and Greek are virtually abolished. For the elder pupils there were lessons in political economy and psychology as well as history, literature and science. The strain on the teachers must have been terrific, and only the best of them could succeed.

I am inclined to think that the schools I saw, must have been above the average, for some of the older teachers whom I saw at Vladimir were near despair. "How can I teach English without English books," said one old lady to me, almost in tears, and she fell to cursing our blockade. It can be done, but it requires exceptional talent and resolution. Much of the discontent of the more conservative and less efficient teachers was obviously due to their inability to grasp and apply the radical new methods of education prescribed by Lunatcharsky and Pokrovsky. The old routine which pumped "knowledge" out of text-books into passive children, was so much easier than the new methods of activity, "self-initiative," and realism. Thus, I found the elder pupils in some schools learning arithmetic by working over the actual statistics, percentages and costings of a particular factory. That wants a better and keener teacher than the old book "examples." Again discipline had been a difficulty. The revolution came too suddenly in the schools, with its innovations of coeducation, its children's councils, and its abolition of all punishments. The first stage in the "middle" schools was often chaos and occasionally even scandal. Experience has brought the necessary adaptations. The children's council has now the right only to discuss and suggest, and that under a teacher's guidance, while various "labor" punishments (useful and educative in themselves) have been introduced. The main difficulty now comes in winter in schools, in which the children live at home. Many of them are too ill clad and ill shod to venture out of doors, and it sometimes happens that fuel is wholly lacking in the school itself.

The new Russia teems with experiments and innovations in education, and though I saw something of most of them, I have space only for a bare enumeration. There are, for example, preparatory colleges attached to the universities, in which talented workmen (the word, as always in Russia includes both sexes), nominated by their trade unions, may go through a year's preliminary course to fit them for their higher studies, receiving an allowance and rations the while. The idea is good, but the time in some cases is too short. More novel and even more characteristic is the institution known as the "Proletcult" which exists in Moscow, Petrograd, and some other big towns. It aims at developing the artistic gifts of young workmen who have lacked opportunities. It has courses in literature, music, painting and sculpture. I doubt whether much first rate talent has been discovered. The maturer students have produced a good deal of poetry, some plays and musical compositions which have been published. These last include some songs of a genuine lyrical quality, along with some deplorable compositions inspired by politics. I heard some of the musical teaching, which was thorough and conscientious, and there were among the students of the opera class in Petrograd several obviously talented musicians and many voices of good quality. Lastly, it should be mentioned that the department is working with real enthusiasm for physical culture, hitherto much neglected in Russia. I saw some good gymnastic displays organized by the "Communist Youth," and wondered whether prejudices would soften in England, if it were realized that the Red Army is proud of its football teams. All this, let me remind the reader, has been done by a government fighting for its life, amid war, civil war and semi-starvation.

How much that is new has actually been achieved in the provinces, I tested carefully at Vladimir. The number of elementary schools in the province had risen since the revolution from 1793 to 1910; that of "middle" schools from 50 to 62. The number of scholars in the two together had risen from 110,500 to 175,800. There are in this province 317,000 children of school age. The Director of Education apologized for these figures, relatively encouraging as they are. It is useless, as he said, if it were possible, to build new schools, until one can equip them. Every child attending school had a right to so many yards of cotton and linen, and his present stock barely sufficed. He had exactly twelve boxes of steel pens for the needs of the whole province. To create a new school, is, as he put it, "an heroic act, as difficult as taking a town."

In addition to the ordinary schools, one hundred and forty kindergartens have been opened, of which only one existed before the revolution. Of these really charming

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institutions I saw several, and thought them most successful. Everything was scrupulously clean, and the children were genuine Russians in the zest with which they sang long dramatic ballads. There were also the usual modelling, drawing, plaiting, and light musical gymnastics on a new Russian system (Shatsky) which combines Montessori with Freubel. A daily meal was provided for all but the village schools, and in the town even for the children who were not at school. There was, moreover, special provision and extra diet for ailing children, including a big dining room and play room for convalescents, and a day school and nursery for children threatened with tuberculosis. I saw both and thought them most creditable. Boarding schools of one sort or another, including orphanages, deaf and dumb homes, and a new farm colony for moral defectives, had increased from 15 to 78, and contained 3,865 children.

Not the least interesting of the new developments is a Children's Court, composed of a doctor, a teacher and a legal member, which deals with juvenile criminals (chiefly thieves) and has also the right to send children living in a bad moral environment to one of these school homes. It works with a volunteer organization, composed mainly of young people, called "the Brothers and Sisters of Social Aid," which devotes itself to aiding or reclaiming neglected children. Ten of its members from Vladimir are taking a course of instruction in Moscow. The Communists are justly proud of their whole organization for the "protection" (Ochrana) of children—a conception which includes moral welfare, education and recreation as well as the provision of food and hygiene. Several playing fields for the children have been opened in Vladimir, and there was also a so-called children's "club," in which I saw them doing carpentering, painting and theatricals, voluntarily but with some help from teachers out of school hours. In the long summer vacation the children were organized to do such pleasant and useful work as the collection of medicinal herbs, and the gathering of fir cones in the forest for fuel. All this, needless to say, is not only new but unprecedented in Russia.

The Department of Education is also concerned with the general interests of culture and art, and ministers to adults as well as to children. The Director thought that not more than twenty-five per cent of the adult population is still illiterate, but this was a guess, which erred, I think, on the side of optimism. In one small industrial town alone, Murom, 1,500 illiterate adults took lessons and passed the examination last winter. Before the revolution, in this province, 20 tea-shops with reading rooms managed by a temperance society, 50 libraries opened by the Zemstvo, with two theatres and ten kinematographs exhausted the opportunities for popular education and diversion. There are now under the Soviet, 58 people's clubs, 677 libraries, 141 village reading rooms, 334 organized lecture courses or schools for adults, 930 "culture circles" (which read and discuss standard books), 119 theatres, 39 kinematographs, and 42 amateur choirs and bands. There are also 11 music schools, 10 art schools, and 6 museums, where there were 1, 3 and 1 respectively. The reader must not interpret these words by Western standards. A reading room is usually a peasant hut adapted for the purpose; a library may be a room with bookshelves in a mill; a theatre is usually a wooden shed with benches and a stage, but is sometimes cleverly decorated. These cheap and simple expedients serve their purpose. For the theatre the Russian workmen have developed a passion, and it is by far the most popular medium for the transmission of ideas.

It may be honestly claimed, I think, for the Soviet administration that it has a better record in its relations to art and culture, generally, than any other government in the civilized world. Let me mention as one characteristic touch, that in my many wanderings on foot in dilapidated Moscow, I noticed only two buildings which had been renovated and repainted: one was the university and the other a workmen's college. Artists, musicians, dancers, authors, actors, professors and scientists do not suffer, save mentally, from the class feud, and all of them, who have any recognizable qualification, receive rations and salaries —subject doubtless to the usual irregularity. Literature, scholarship and science, none the less, have suffered terribly, for the paper shortage is so acute, that very few books can be published, and the printers happen to be the most disaffected and the most depressed of all the trades. The government is now, however, placing an immense printing order abroad. Poets recite their works in Moscow in clubs and cafés, and the output of new and experimental verse is surprisingly active. The painters, who used to work for private patrons, are depressed and indolent for lack of the accustomed encouragement, for there is no one to buy. Some do decorative work for public bodies: sculptors are in some request, for the production of statues of Marx and other revolutionary heroes: others earn big fees by doing propagandist cartoons. My own impression is that pictorial art has not yet adjusted itself to the new conditions, and little of the new work pleased me, though I should add that my own attitude to nearly all recent art is unappreciative, which doubtless means that I am untrained.

The theatre and music, on the other hand, flourish exceedingly. Here the native Russian genius is most at home, and the emancipated proletariat is insatiable in its demands. There is lavish provision for every taste. Companies of trained state artists entertain the school-children with plays, charades, dancing and singing. There are propagandist "revolutionary satires," in rough popular verse, of course socialistic and anti-clerical, given by touring companies. In the towns there are in the summer daily open air concerts partly classical, partly popular, with open air operas and plays. In Minsk I used to count three such entertainments going simultaneously. Vladimir had a recently created choir which sang the most elaborate music so well, that it might have given concerts with success in London or Paris. Its orchestra, half military, half amateur, was much better than any I have ever heard in a small English town. The opera in Moscow and Petrograd retains its ancient glory, and there has been no decline in its standards, though three-fourths of the seats are allotted at cheap rates to the trade unions. I sat in the stalls in the glorious Marinsky Theatre listening to a superb performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Sadko. Beside me was a group who looked like London charwomen, rapt and delighted all the time. "I didn't understand it all," said one, "but I *did* enjoy it." You may in Moscow enjoy the unique experience of listening to chamber-music played by the greatest executants in Russia on a quartet of Stradivarius instruments. The revolution brought them out of their long silence in the glass cases of rich collectors, "socialized" them, and gave them, like their paintings and their objets d'art to the enjoyment of the world. Judging from the advertised program, I could in Moscow have revelled every evening, had I not been too busy or

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too tired, in listening to elaborate music, most of it Russian and much of it new. Nor does the theatre stand still. All manner of experiments are in fashion. I visited one little salon theatre, packed with intellectuals, in which a comedy of improvization was given. The actors invented, or at least professed to invent, the dialogue as they went along. The acting was certainly clever, but I will not pretend that this innovation did more than amuse me—but once more I confess myself a reactionary in art. Though all this experimental art left me personally cold, I mention it, to show that art is very much alive.

What struck me most, was the universal popularity of music and the theatre. Every club and trade union centre has its own entertainments, sometimes musical, sometimes theatrical. The proletariat is a lavish and exacting Maecenas. Walking up the Tverskaia in Moscow one warm Sunday evening, when windows and doors were open, I seemed to hear music everywhere. Now it was a brilliant performance of a Chopin nocturne. A little further on I recognized a familiar theme from one of the later Beethoven quartets. Next a choir was singing some unknown Russian chorus, and across the way I watched the crowd streaming in to a play of Andréef's in a trade union club. Sitting one evening at an excellent concert in the former Noble's Hall at Vladimir, a working man turned to me and said in his picturesque way, "We used to live in the scullery and the drawing room door was shut. We never knew what was behind it. The revolution broke down the door, and now all this glory is ours." That is one reason why starving Russia endures in patience.

I have tried to describe the least controversial, but not the least important work of the revolution. I will end with a note of criticism. Even here the sharp class feud makes itself felt. The revolution does not trust the "intellectuals" even in education, and retards its own work by recruiting its new teaching staff far too much from the "reliable" proletariat (which must first be trained) and far too little from suspect "intelligentsia." Thousands of well-educated men and women are doing routine work in offices, who should be teaching. The old staff is retained, but it suffers from a depressing sense of impotence. I recall one talk with a group of Petrograd teachers who entertained me at tea. I had seen them at work and admired their zeal and capacity. We were alone, and all of them talked good German. A man said first what all were thinking. There was no freedom of speech or action. It was like Tsardom, though with a far better and nobler purpose. He was himself a socialist, though not a Communist, and sympathized with the main aims of the revolution. But he felt stifled, crushed and impotent. I turned to a young women who had just been explaining to me a new and clever plan of her own invention for the teaching of arithmetic. I asked her whether that was also her view.

"It is and it isn't," she answered. "Often I am very miserable, and wonder if the whole class to which we belong is doomed to extinction. But that mood never lasts long. Freedom—Yes, we have one kind of freedom. I am free to work. I love my work. I love these children, and I am happy while I can teach them. I know what you will say, Maria Petrovna" (turning to an elder teacher). "You will say, I am a slave."

"No" said she, evidently touched, "I say you are a Saint."

H. N. Brailsford

VERSE

Sea-Challenge

The ocean's stallions
Rein in with clangor
Of hoofs on the quarries
And muttering sands,
And the chill tide turning
Falls back into midnight,
Cruel-willed, devil-sullen,
Clean-fanged, untamed.

The land lies quiet
Built up with old altars;
Its shop-lights steady
Flame flattering and sure;
The flicker of hearth-fires
Scatters undying
Grim ghosts of the darkness,
Gaunt menace of cold.

And black ships stagger
Tall-lunging at anchor:
Choose, you sailor,
Chains or the storm;
Battle and vengeance,
Death in deep water,
Or the ingle prison,
The cages of men.

Here for a penny
Your soul is another's,
Here for the taking
Half a life, half free;
While the ocean's stallions
Rein in, rebelling,
And their hoofs ring challenge
Up from the sea.

Maxwell Anderson.

Votive

O moon, swung there immeasurably far,
Yet only in the pear-tree top, how then
Shall we body in thought the beauty that you are—
Your wizardry upon the souls of men?

Hush! Let us say it is the tender light
That falls in silver circumstance and red
Dimly upon the regions of the night,
And saying this how little then is said.

Why should this mute enchantment thus possess
Our hearts in adoration—how should come
This worship of a ghost of quietness,
Of spectral tides that move not and are dumb?

Why do we worship? We are but strays of will,
While the sun takes us: Folded now and far
From the day's light, we are minds possessed and still,
Vision and peace. We worship what we are.

John Drinkwater

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Moon-Calf

Moon-Calf, by Floyd Dell. New York: A. A. Knopf.

AS this novel stands it is abruptly incomplete, but undoubtedly it is destined to be completed. So far, Felix Fay has been born in southern Illinois and brought up through a middle-sized town and a middle-sized love affair to the verge of literature and Chicago. But this, clearly, is only the end of the beginning. After the fashion of Jean-Christophe, there is more to come, and in due time Felix must get on with Chicago before winding up with Manhattan.

It is not, strange to say, a distinguished novel. Although Mr. Dell is the sort of writer from whom one might expect originality, the creativeness shown in Moon-Calf is mild. The thing that most distinguishes it from the usual egoistic first novel is a lack of intellectual exacerbation. Instead of that indictment of a cruel world to which we are accustomed in the first novels of the intelligentsia, we have a hero frankly described as a moon-calf and admitted to be inept as well as exigent. This lack of sharp rebelliousness is a surprise.

Felix Fay is the late-coming child of a Civil War veteran and his slaving wife in a small Illinois town. The father was something of a sport in his young days. A butcher by trade, he does not make good in bringing up and supporting a family of three. The family is therefore harassed by poverty, and Felix is the typical sensitive under-nourished child. Not to get enough to eat is a horribly serious deprivation in childhood, and to mal-nutrition this impressionable boy adds ill-health and the sedentary habit. He has books and dreams, but no milk and fresh eggs, and his great struggle as he goes on is to leave the Utopia of his imagining to face the toughness of fact. He has many fine sentimentalizations. He idealizes his school-teacher. He has a playmate in the attic in the person of an actress's imaginative girl. But he knows that he must embrace life, and of life—that is to say, the clash of human will—he is bitterly afraid.

In Mr. Dell's high-flown language, "backward and backward he had retreated into innermost caves of fantasy, taking with him this fearful and beautiful antagonist. He had escaped from Greece, from Babylon, but now, in the last reaches of the world of dreams, amid its uttermost shadows, they stood face to face in final contest. She was all that he hated and feared and could not give up; she was reality, and pain, and heartbreak, she was the world of difficulty and danger, of hope that turns to despair, of ambition that ends in failure. She was Life, mocking, malign, and alluring. 'Kiss me!' she said. . . . With that dream-kiss burning on his lips, he groped his way out of the wreck and ruin of his dream-world into the light of common day. He knew two things in that moment. He knew that he feared girls because they would demand of him something other than dreams. And he knew that he would surrender to that demand."

Is the Moon-Calf a poet in his "dream-world" or simply an immature young soul? He reads anthropology and ethnology for the food they give his imagination. He lives with Helen and Semiramis and Atlantis and Troy and Babylon. "He entered, at first only for moments, and then for long golden hours, an enchanted land in which there was neither desire nor fear—only the solace of magic words. He grew indifferent to the outer world. It seemed less real to him than this realm of dreams into which he was able to transport himself in an instant. And he was not lonely in that realm, for he was companioned by a shadow, soft and vague—a mere hint or whisper, so unobtrusive it was, of a being almost without sex as it was almost without existence, yet faintly breathing the perfume of girlhood—a delicate and perfect comradeship." Quite. But there is something trite and tiresome about this idea of Felix as a poet. "The realm of dreams" is the phraseology of a Wanamaker advertisement. So is "the perfume of girlhood." So is "the enchanted land." At best he is a very sensitive and vulnerable cousin of the poet in Shaw's Candida. He is better defined as the weak but ruthless literary apprentice, "the lonely, unhappy, desperately desiring and bewildered child."

So Felix is told by Comrade Vogelsang, the man who sets him on the road to Life. "You have come to me—to be told the truth. You have been mooning about, writing verses about life, instead of living. You have been afraid to live. Most people are. Something stands between them and life. Not only economic conditions: something else—a shadow, a fear. Perhaps it is safer not to try, they think. So do you."

But Felix tries. He forgets his father and mother. (They drop out of existence, suddenly, in the middle of the book.) He goes to work on a newspaper, outgrows the lit'ry set he knew when he worked in the candy factory, outgrows the refined librarian, outgrows the dallying lady of thirty-five who gives him a rondeau for his villanelle. He discovers new people and exciting and stimulating ideas. He shares the company of a bright young Rabbi and many keen party Socialists. He turns to the work of Ibsen and Dostoevsky and Bernard Shaw. He yields to the Life Force in the person of a fine young bourgeoise.

Mr. Dell accentuates the bourgeois in his version of love's young dream. The lovers have an island-cabin for trysting place. They soar, or rather the moon-calf soars.

"'Of course, within the limitations of reality, love *is* a poetic and savage thing . . . Mmm?

"'Mmmm!'

"They looked deep into each other's eyes.

"'Sweetheart!'

"'Darling!'

"'At least,' said Joyce, 'the old books leave you something to find out for yourself . . .'

"'The most beautiful of secrets,' said Felix.

"'And an end to arguing!' said Joyce. 'No more old intellectual debates! No more Advanced Sociology! Just Us!'"

This hearty young lowbrow does not suffice for the egoistic young highbrow. He loses his job, which she misunderstands; and goes away to write his novel, which she misunderstands more. She sends him danger-signals which he is too self-absorbed to notice; and so she becomes engaged to a sound young Philistine, whom she decides not to burden with the tale of her pre-matrimonial intimacies.

This sends the Moon-Calf to Chicago and his literary career. It is, in its degree, interesting. But one must have a good deal of fluid romanticism to be able to revel in Felix Fay. In his struggle toward reality there is a good deal of vivid and sympathetic narrative, and one feels that his plight as an imaginative youth is honestly understood. But is it generous or engaging imagination? And is it associated with intelligence? The subsequent development of Felix Fay may say yes, but so far he is mainly an exactingly hungry and under-fed literary ego. A pale cloud hovers about him—it may be glory or it may be sentimentality. For all that he is lightly called Moon-Calf, I believe it is sentimentality.

F. H.

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National Guilds

National Guilds and the State, by S. G. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE state has been under a running fire for more than two hundred years. The middle class stripped it of its majesty and mystery when they denied its divine origin and shifted its foundation to popular consent. They further weakened it for ethical purposes by saying that it was an evil at best (the less government the better, etc.) and by refusing to permit its intervention in industry to relieve intolerable economic conditions. And yet, though they laughed privately at its blundering inefficiency, they relied upon its power in times of social disorder, entrusted to it the redemption of the backward places of the earth under the banner of imperialism, and conferred upon it a substantial monopoly of education. Strangely enough, but with good reason, an organism regarded as inefficient and inept in matters of economy, was thought worthy of control over the spirit of man! In spite of all misgivings, the state grew stronger and stronger and waxed fatter and fatter. Whoever questions this may look upon the world's groaning statute books and multiplying administrative machinery.

The working classes, coming upon the historical scene, and being greeted by the resounding whacks of police constables' clubs, demanded the ballot. But bold spirits among them very early had doubts. On beholding the pomp, tinsel, gaols, gallows, and alms house they spoke with disdain of "the same old conspiracy against mankind." Therefore, some of them said, the state must be rooted up, overturned, utterly extirpated and then we shall dwell together in brotherly love. A few thought this possible but most people attended celebrations, prize fights, and movies as before.

Then came the socialist, advocate of the great state democratized. In the new and blessed order, we were assured, there would be no political state with its long train of abuses, its poor houses and prisons. The administration of things would take the place of the government of men. That was a cheerful hope. The political state, decrepit and corrupt, would give way to the economic state, the board of aldermen to the central federated craft union, and the august Congress of the United States to a convention of the American Federation of Labor and allied powers, industrial and agrarian. Then all at once Lenin and Trotsky were supposed to have turned the trick.

According, however, to news that has leaked out through the Allied blockade, Lenin and Trotsky have something that looks like a state. To be sure, it has another name, but as in the case of the rose the odor is the same. Some of us who are of a sceptical turn of mind may be pardoned if we are unable to distinguish between a political state run by the representatives of the working classes and an economic state run by the same agents. Are there not in Russia officers, armies, gaols, gallows, authorities, courts, and the power to compel obedience? Does the elimination of the alms house (or the substitution of a universal poor house) spell the doom of the state? It is possible, barely possible, that a man endowed with the power to enforce his will or the will of anybody else may look very much the same whether he is called "comrade commissaire" or "comrade governor." One may even be pardoned for suspecting that N. Lenin laughs softly, when he reads in New York dispatches that the state has been overthrown in Russia.

The English have no delusions on that point. They are a very practical people. They did not need an Encyclopaedia as a forerunner to the execution of Charles I. The modern English have long distrusted the state. John Bright did not think it competent to interfere with the conduct of his business. The new radical looks upon it as a dangerous, top-heavy bureaucracy, providing comfortable places for the black-coated proletariat, benevolent, perhaps, in intention, but hopeless. One apostle of direct action, sneering at parliamentary loquacity, announced that his union had got a big increase in wages by "heaving" a few bricks—more in a two weeks' strike than in fifty years of talk at Westminster. To the simple minded the logic was evident: Enough bricks carefully thrown will usher in the millennium. Bernard Shaw laughed.

Following closely upon the heels of the direct actionists, came the guildsmen for whom Mr. S. G. Hobson now speaks. They, too, feared or disliked the state. Some of them could hardly tell whom they hated the more—Sidney Webb or Bonar Law. They saw, or thought they saw, many things: the state as a crude implement of capitalism (predatory though benevolent), the waste and stupidity of the bureaucracy, the skill and action of the organized crafts, the rise of labor with a will to power, the necessity of production, the longing of the workingman for a decent place in the sun, and the futility of parliamentary debate. They proposed to place industry and transportation in the hands of the crafts and professions. It seemed simple. At all events it was a good answer to Sidney Webb and the bureaucrats.

Still some guildsmen had misgivings. Those who went all the way with Kropotkin and pinned their faith to self-sufficing communities combining handicrafts and agriculture could easily dispense with the state, although some of them feared that defense against less angelic neighbors might call for an army. Others disposed of the problem of the state by substituting for it the congress of guilds, an economic body, rid if you please of all political taint as of original sin. This seemed good to contemplate until some inquiring mind suggested that the guildsmen might fall out among themselves and there would be no superior body to hold the contending nation together. That was a disconcerting thought.

English ingenuity was equal to the emergency. Mr. Cole offered as the remedy a dual system: the guild congress representing organized producers grouped in their several crafts and the state, purified of course, speaking for the consumers—the two agencies meeting sometimes in joint session and becoming the ultimate national sovereignty. Thereupon the mentally agile began to toss forward and backward the question of divided sovereignty, raising doubts as to the soundness of Mr. Cole's analysis.

At this juncture Mr. S. G. Hobson, one of the progenitors of the guild movement, takes up the thread of discourse in his book on National Guilds and the State. Apart from some very interesting and informing chapters on the workshop, the civil or professional guilds, the influence of the war on labor, the book is devoted to two vital problems in guild policy. In the first place Mr. Hobson advances to meet the charge that the guilds of producers might very well become closed corporations of exploiters holding consumers at their mercy. His counter argument on this point is that in the new society all will be producers, that profit-making will be eliminated, and

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that the guilds will have no motive to engage in profiteering. Thus, he reasons, there cannot be any opposition between producers and consumers, one craft and another. "If," he says, "the element of profit be eliminated and I know that these commodities are at my disposal at cost price, in what other way are our interests opposed?"

That seems a clincher; but the uninitiated may venture one or two questions. Unless we go back to barter and higgling, there will be a medium of exchange; if the members of one guild are paid more per day in that medium of exchange than the members of another guild, then some difference of opinion might very easily arise. For example, I am a member of the teachers' guild and am paid ten shillings a day. Does anyone think I shall be willing to buy shoes made by guildmen paid a guinea a day? Mr. Hobson assures me that I shall buy my shoes at cost; but on walking by the shoe factory I find my dear brethren in the shoe guild "soldiering on the job" or off at a game of cricket. Am I to permit them to add that time to "the mere cost of production"? It is too bad; but really the thing is somewhat complicated, even if one refuses to consider as relative to the future the selfishness of the bone-button makers' guild in old France or the conduct of some of the gentlemen's crafts in America.

As for the state, Mr. Hobson is equally facile in disposing of difficulties. He cuts the knot with one swift, clean, and terrible blow. He knows that a mere union of productive crafts might break down through internecine struggles. He says that a class war waged without sense of duty may bring disaster in its train and that "the soviets functioning in the alien sphere of politics, brought the Germans to the gates of Petrograd."

Mr. Hobson, therefore, proposes that there shall be a state in the new guild age; but it is to be the spiritual interpreter of the nation. It is to assume "the spiritual leadership of the nation." It is to be "unhampered and unvitiated by economic interests." "The business of the state is essentially spiritual and whilst it is the formal origin of function, it is itself functionless." To the state are to be assigned such matters as the army and the navy, colonial and foreign affairs, public health and general education, while the production and distribution of wealth are to go to the guilds.

Continentals and Americans born west of New England will hardly be able to grasp Mr. Hobson's analysis. The present reviewer, not being a theologian, confesses hopelessness in the presence of it. The army and navy are to be used for "spiritual purposes only"—not to conquer territory or defend oil wells; but suppose that while engaged in a spiritual enterprise the army would have to take possession of material things to keep the spiritual enterprise going, what would happen? Public health is to go to the state. Very well; but public health is, or ought to be, concerned with the prevention of disease, and diseases arise mainly from modes of life and work. Whoever really tackles public health honestly becomes a specialist in housing and industrial hygiene— the business of the guilds concerned. Education of a general character goes to the state in Mr. Hobson's scheme and technical education to the guilds. But experienced teachers tell us that it is utterly impossible to separate general from technical education, particularly in the lower ranges so significant to industrial democracy. Suppose the spiritually-minded state schools, do not teach the multiplication table what will the draftsmen's guild do about it? Try to conceive of "foreign affairs" and "colonial affairs" with all economic and earthly considerations extracted! Only a theologian can compass that mental task. One might imagine British and German ambassadors affably chatting about the merits of Shakespeare and Goethe or of Holbein and Turner, but why do it?

The trouble with Mr. Hobson and his brethren is that they are looking for exactness where none can exist, for the separation of that which never can be separated. They are modern utopians. They seek finality. Two thousand years after the Greeks and fifty years after Darwin, they speak of "final freedom" (p. 103). Indeed, Mr. Hobson's last chapter is headed "Finally, I believe." "The day of the tyrants draws near."

The truth, the bitter truth is that neither Mr. Hobson, nor the editor of the New York Times, nor very many other people can endure the thought that the world is process not system, movement not finality. No doubt organized economic forces have a great rôle to play in the coming day. Just what that rôle is to be no one can say. When their mission seems clearest, it will be drawing to a close. Those who rode with flying wheel along the Flaminian Road could not foresee Frederick Barbarossa or Andrew Carnegie.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Men and Steel

Men and Steel, by Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THIS book of Mary Vorse's is a thrilling and a perfectly sane and down-on-the-ground contribution to the history of that historic steel strike of last winter. It is a book really of stories—of stories of men and of women and of children and of homes. At the end of the book, when the strike is lost, there is a woman sitting at her door in an alley in the town of Braddock with a child playing at her feet and with a child nestling in her arms. She seems not to see the "red cylinders of the mills." She seems not to note "the sombre magnificence of the smoke." She gazes at "vacancy." She seems to have "the patience of eternity." And she seems to say:

"I have waited. I am eternal. This strife is about me and mine. If my brothers do not change this, my sons will. I can wait."

That last silent scene is a sort of condensation of all the scenes of active expression that come before it. The strike that unrolls itself in this book is not an attack upon Mr. Gary by unionism, but an attack upon him by the homes of people. Mrs. Vorse's quarrel with the towns around Pittsburgh is not their defiance of collective bargaining but their "arrogant indifference to human beings."

Unionism, collective bargaining, industrial democracy, they are means to an end. What is the end? And what is the power that drives to that end? What makes that portentous pageant? The eternal commonplace. The eternal universal groping for security for self, wife, husband, baby. Mrs. Vorse keeps to the groove of living life. She goes through scenes which turn many observers off into distraught inventors of strange new heavens and earths and she maintains the knowledge that sees—and that makes the reader see—the invincible normality of the industrial struggle.

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So in this book, after a swift sketching of the externals of the steel industry, we come to its vitals—its population.

There is the man whose friend could go and buy a home because four of his children died of diphtheria; but he himself is not so fortunate as his friend. He is tied to tenantry "among the condemned in the courtyard off Willow Way." He explains. "My children, they all live."

There is the woman that Father Kazinci tells to come get food from the stores for strikers—free food. But she is washing. She is hushing the baby and washing men's clothes. She has four boarders. She plainly assures the father about them. "They sleep upstairs: me down." Her dress is slopped with water, and the floor is flowing with water; and the air is full of clothes-lines and heavy clothes. She does not need free food. "Not yet, Father," she says. "I wash for the boarders." And she goes on to talk "monotonously" about a strike once in New York when she first came over, and about a strike afterwards in the mines, and about this strike now, and about the bearing of children, and about the losing of children, "as one might talk of storms at sea." And she says: "It's always so: it's always strike." And she says: "It will always be the same if we not keep together." So let others have the free food who have not four boarders.

And there is Yanksi who during the strike made a chest of drawers, and many other things, and a cradle, and who had a wife who competently rejoiced: "The strike was a fine time for me to have a baby: Yanksi is home."

And there is the striker who tells the superintendent: "I'm taking a holiday, just taking a holiday: I'm paying myself back those twenty Christmases I worked for the company."

And there is the old man who is within six months of getting his pension from the company, and the strikers tell him not to strike and to keep on working in order to get the pension, and he keeps on working, but his wife says: "He talks in his sleep that he's a scab."

And there are others and others and others, not without an insight by the author into some of the compensations of their circumstances. Two children come in, and the home to which they come in is very small, and the children are very good, and they hang up their coats and hats "without being told." The mother gets congratulated on their goodness. "Ma'am," she says, "if our kids be bad we all go crazy together: in two three rooms children's *got* to be good."

The mystery of the steel strike was that it lasted so long, that in the midst of failure it had such protraction. This is a memorial to the simple soundness of human character that made the staunchness of patient purpose that made that mystery. If anybody wants to know why there is, and will be, a labor movement in the steel industry, he need not bother to read Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer's de luxe editions of the works of Russian Bolshevik philosophers. He will be sufficiently instructed if he will follow Mrs. Vorse on her travels in the Pittsburgh district of the United States past miles of window-curtains washed, and grimed, and washed, and grimed, and washed, and past acres of kitchen-wall-space hung with pictures of the saints and the Virgin. Security—and dignity. They will prevail as industrial ambitions or they will carry down with them in equal collapse the personal virtues which they industrially image.

WILLIAM HARD.

Studies in the Sophisticated

Instigations of Ezra Pound. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Poems, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A Woman of Thirty, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

WHETHER Ezra Pound is a scholar rather than a poet, or whether he is a poet much more than he is a scholar has been debated. For the present writer he is both poet and scholar. The question whether he always succeeds in fusing his scholarship with his poetry in the poems that demand both kinds of equipment, or whether his poetry does not bewray his scholarship, has not to be decided in the course of this review; however, the volume at hand suggests the setting up of Ezra Pound in a third capacity—in the capacity of a notable editor.

By an editor I do not mean one who merely runs a journal; I mean one who is constantly striving, with or without the help of colleagues, to make current some compelling portion of the reality of the day. Now for Ezra Pound the compelling reality is art (Alas, alas that art should be so exclusively a reality for a poet). It is specifically the art of literature, and it is literature, that, to use a phrase of his out of another book, "is a departure from fixed positions; felicitous departures from a norm."

He has added genius to his editorial efforts to make current the discoveries of Ernest Fenollosa, the thought of Remy De Gourmont, the forms of Gaudier-Brzeska. The present volume is editorial inasmuch as it shows Pound striving, not so much to create, as to make current; it has an editorial rather than an author's unity; reading Instigations of Ezra Pound is like reading a bound volume of The Dome or The Yellow Book.

The contents include an anthology of modern French poetry with a comment that is better than a volume on the subject; a study of Henry James that is well described as "a Baedeker to a continent"; a study of Remy De Gourmont; a study of the new poetry that has been produced in England and America; a startlingly brilliant translation of one of Jules Laforgue's divagations; a study of Arnaut Daniel with translations that amazingly reproduce the Provençal metres; an essay on Greek translations into Latin, French and English; a preposterous article on Genesis; (How amazing it is that a writer of Ezra Pound's intelligence should want to re-write Baron d'Holbach at this hour of the day) a contribution of Ernest Fenellosa's on the Chinese written character—a notable essay that has the effect of being a review and a criticism of Western culture.

An atmosphere gives unity to the whole—an atmosphere that passes into the footnotes to the Fenellosa contribution. It is the atmosphere of the workshop. As we read we are conscious of chips flying around; of incisive conversations; of revelations and discoveries; of profanities; of the strain of work and constant judgment. The volume is for those who have the entry, or who would like to have the entry to the workshop of a group of artists who are dealing with transforming ideas. We cannot afford to leave it unread. Who are the successors of Gautier in French poetry? Three are named and it is proved to us that the choice is not arbitrary. What are the terms of the contrast between Henry James and Remy De Gourmont? What is being said about the young men, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot? How might Laforgue's hard fantasies be rendered in our speech? And

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how might the intricate verse-schemes of the Troubadours be made over into English? Not to have an awareness about such things is to be intellectually backward. And the Instigations of Ezra Pound have this virtue—they badger and bully us out of a state of intellectual backwardness.

To give prose the precedence of verse in a review that deals with both is possibly wrong, but there is an excuse for it in the present case. The Instigations of Ezra Pound deal in many places with the poems of T. S. Eliot. Some of these passages make the best introduction that could be written for the poems. They are eulogistic, and at least in one passage, possibly extravagantly eulogistic. Mr. Eliot's form is compared to Ovid's form in the Heroides, and to Browning's form in Men and Women. "The form of Men and Women is more alive than the epistolary form of the Heroides," Mr. Pound says, and then he goes on to suggest that the present-day poet has made a certain advance on Browning's form—"Browning included a certain amount of ratiocination and of purely intellectual comment, and in just that proportion he lost intensity." Mr. Eliot has stripped away the ratiocination and the intellectual comment.

His first volume has been published in the present year—a small collection of twenty-four pieces, four being in French. Had Mr. Eliot excluded such pieces as The Boston Evening Transcript, Hysteria, Cousin Nancy, one would be able to judge his poetry without making a reference to The Smart Set. That he has included these is evidence that he is not amongst the super-sophisticated.

I do not know if these poems mark the beginning of a cycle in poetry, but I am sure that they mark the end of one. Twenty years ago Mr. Yeats published The Wind Amongst the Reeds. He brought a new set of symbols into poetry. He heard "the Shadowy Horses, their long manes a-shake, their hoofs heavy with tumult." Today Mr. Eliot sees that "The red-eyed scavengers are creeping from Kentish Town and Golder's Green." The cycle is complete: the vague and visionary territory has become defined as points on a subway, and municipal employees have taken the place of creatures out of a myth.

And the truth is that our imaginations are put at no loss by the change in symbols. Mr. Eliot, like the Mr. Yeats of The Wind Amongst the Reeds, is a symbolist. He, too, has his Aedh, his Hanrahan, his Michael Robartes. But he calls them Sweeney, J. Alfred Prufrock, Mr. Apollinax. The Hippopotamus of the Zoo takes the place of the boar with bristles and the deer with no horns. The change, of course, would not be real if there were nc poetry transmitted through the symbols. Poetry is transmitted. In such poems as Gerontion, the Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Cooking Egg, we get a glimpse of the visions and tragedies that are in the soul—it does not matter that the soul in these situations has to look out on restaurants instead of on temples, and on "rocks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds," instead of on the mountains and the sea.

Mr. Eliot has learned from Jules Laforgue how to make modern settings as well as how to parade a mockery of the literary allusion. This by itself would serve to put him with the modernists. But he is modern in a way that is more significant. He has the modern approach to the soul, or, let us say, to the psyche—to the soul that is not an entity but a collection of complexes—the soul that is at once positive and reticent, obscured and clairvoyant. The poet is well aware of the tragedy that is marked by a yawn, and the dreadful dismissal that is in a cliché repeated. His art is indeed achieved when he can give us such revelations in the medium of verse.

For a generation there have been attempts to do this kind of thing in English, and verse in which ennui turns upon disillusion has gone the rounds. But now that Mr. Eliot has published we see that in this verse there were only approaches. Mr. Eliot's work is complete; he has adapted a modern technique, and his personae are stabilized into types. The group in the workshop were aware that he was completing a tendency, and for that reason they were speaking of him with Ovid and Browning before he had published a book. I have said that if he does not mark the beginning of a cycle he certainly marks the end of one. This poetry of his will act in the body literary like those tremendous fellows, the corpuscles in the blood that seize upon and devour the de-vitalized corpuscles. Romantic poetry, in its spent stages, will encounter Sweeney and Prufrock and will not know what has happened to it. But that comparison is wrong: the poetry of Mr. Eliot, in spite of its being so well exercised and so well disinfected, belongs after all to Byzantium; the shadows of a long decay are upon it all.

Two poems quoted by Mr. Pound in his study of modern poetry in England and in this country are to me instances of poetry that is modern without being sensibly sophisticated; they are Mr. Carlos Williams's Postlude and The Old Men. They please me mightily; they are modern by their form, and they have virility.

In A Woman of Thirty we find an intelligence and an accomplishment that might place Marjorie Allen Seiffert high amongst the sophisticated poets. Take Design for a Japanese Vase and An Italian Chest. A cold passion for design is manifest in these two poems. But this poet's is an emotional world, and the writer of The Father Speaks—a genuine utterance—will always be drawn from the sophisticated to the elemental. Almost one wishes that Mrs. Seiffert could produce some dissociation in her personality. Then she might give us, besides the poems that are all too human, much more about the harsh black birds flying in the design—"direction and desire they possess," and more about the lions and cranes that exist "seemingly free, yet tangled in that living vine," and more in the style of that odd and very memorable little morality The Old Woman. These are poems that evidence intellectual conception.

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